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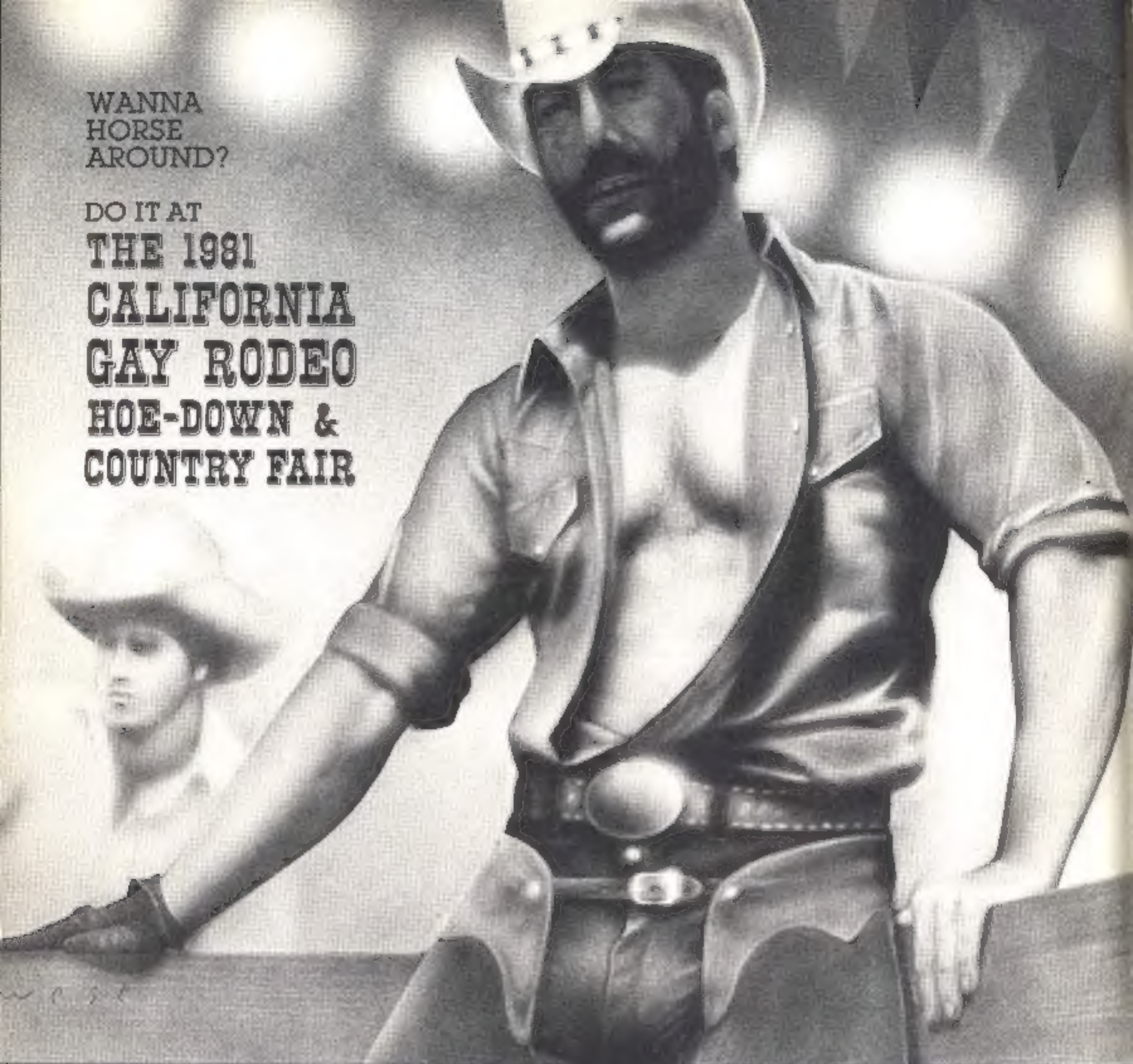


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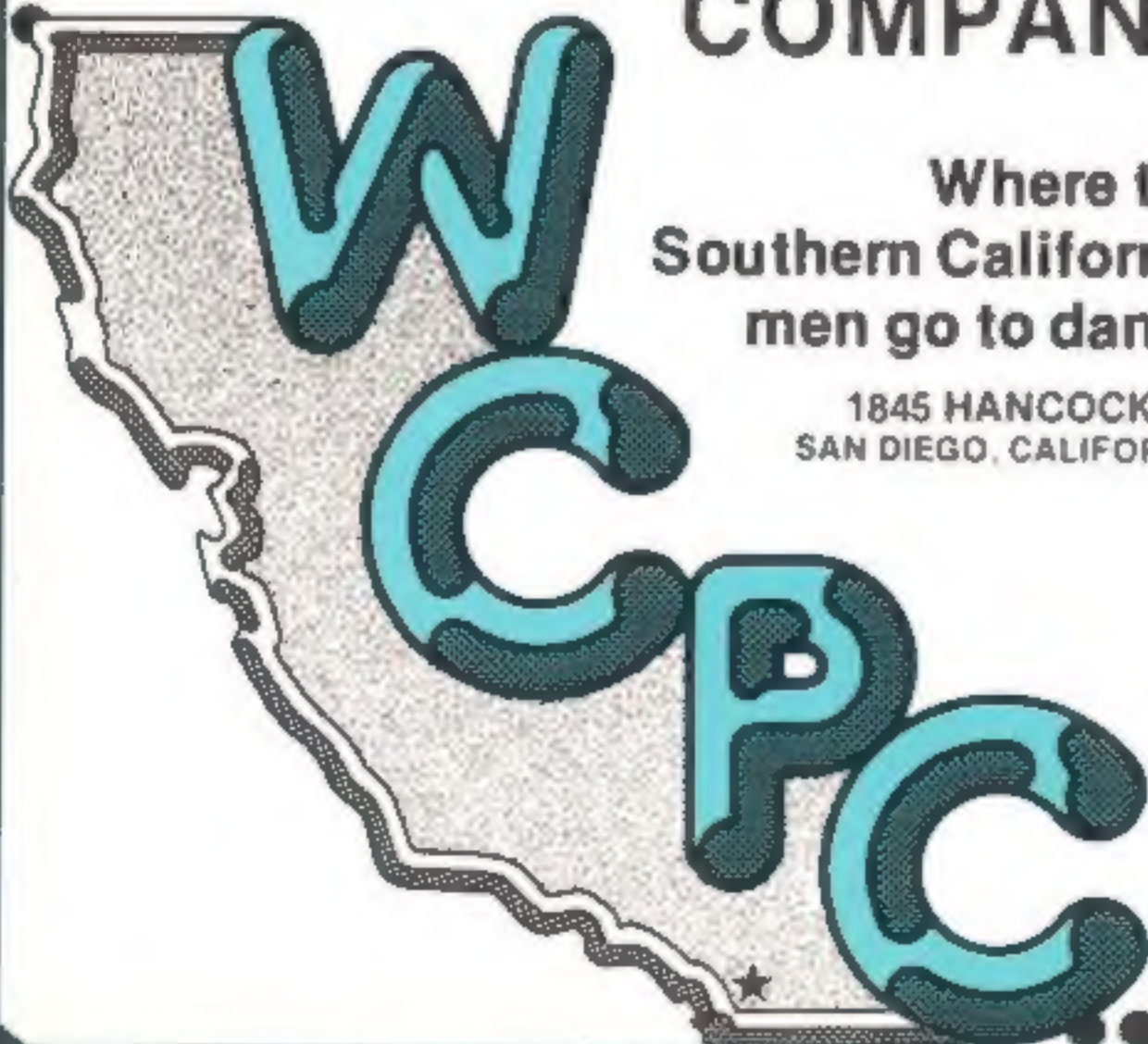


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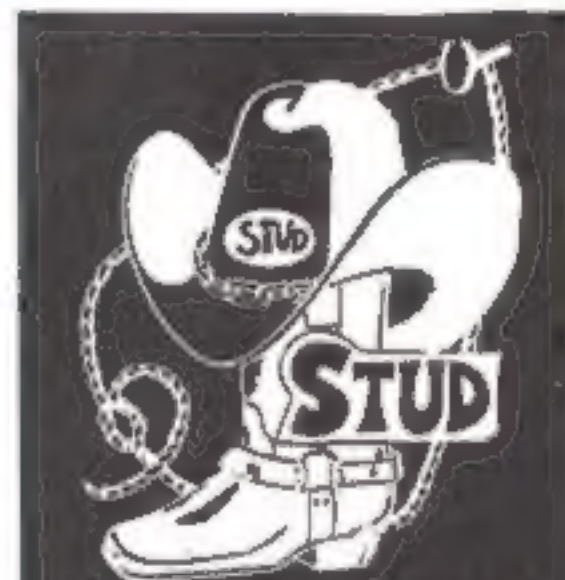
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LETTERS:

GUSHING BOYS

That black-and-white study of Kirby Scott (#53) on page 47, in a jean jacket over a leather one, revealed not only a fascinating pair of hands but a timeless expression that glances off the window of dreams. It is a brilliant depiction of primitive man, an Ancient Greek, an Ancient Roman, young Charlemagne, King Harold or William the Conqueror, an Irish peasant, an Elizabethan pirate, an American frontiersman, a French marquis in wild disguise on being stopped from escaping the guillotine, a Kentucky hill-billy saying "Hi" to the "revenooers," the first man ever to win the first medal ever struck for Courage and Conspicuous Bravery in the Field of Battle, Sir Lancelot (God bless him), Huckleberry Finn, the Mutiny on the Bounty *in pieno*, my earliest erotic image and my latest delight. If he is ever in this neck of the woods, he must be careful not to set the trees on fire! Thank you, IN TOUCH. You're the best! Just sign me...

Tony from Vancouver
Canada

Whew! We feel like we just came off the Rise of Man ride at the World's Fair. If you want to see more of Kirby, check out Colt Men #9 at better adult bookstores everywhere.

—Ed.

Your choice of men are truly beautiful. Particularly Tony Hill in Issue #54. Talk about a gorgeous hunk. Can you imagine him for a lover? I'd never get out of bed—unless I wanted to make love to him on the floor!

Mike Lane
Rialto, CA

I especially enjoyed your photo essay "Jungle Man in the City" in Issue #54. How about more photo essays in risky situations?

M.J.
Cleveland, Ohio

As a grad student in an inflationary economy, I can't buy every issue of IN TOUCH or any magazine. I usually go to the book store and browse to see what's new. If after a few days the particular issue is still on my mind, I go and buy it. That is what happened with IN TOUCH #54 because Tommy Valpoon is perhaps the most sensually exotic model I've ever seen. Some models have pretty faces, others have muscles and some project a machoism that pleases profoundly.



KIRBY SCOTT

Tommy does all this and more. Those thick lips and endowment, those oriental eyes, his tall awesome frame. I'm pleased the photographer did not cover Tommy with soap suds or some other disembellishments. Can't wait to see him "in full glory" in the next issue of TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

G.B.
Seattle, WA

ARMY MAN AGAINST THE WALL

I am in the United States Army and am gay. I've been in the Army for almost 6

years now and due to an illegal search of my apartment the Army is now prosecuting me for sodomy. They discovered some personal photographs of myself and a friend, clothed, but in various embraces. I fully plan to push the Army to a court marshal and am in great need of some information and assistance. I have written to various newspapers with details of the plight of the gay in the military. There have been too many incidents of those of us within the system that choose to speak suddenly disappearing. I have been told this morning



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that I am to move all possessions onto the Post here and vacate my apartment. Therefore, it is a reasonable assumption that the sanctions beginning to be imposed. Please consider my situation and give a fellow member of the family some help.

Sgt. John Crails
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The best advice we can give you is to get in touch with the American Civil Liberties Union, 1346 Connecticut Avenue NW, Ninth Floor, Washington, DC 20036 or call their toll-free number 1-800-424-5402. Good luck.

ANOTHER TROOPER

The Most letters in issue #54 were quite interesting. I belong to several pen pals clubs and the letters I have received might well qualify one day. Hal! Hal! I was quite interested in the one about the State Trooper because it was so true. We used to have a very handsome State Trooper two doors down and most State Troopers I have had the pleasure of sharing their cars have all been very handsome, to say the least! You would enjoy the straight (he thinks) guy I write to in

Saudi Arabia. He just recently sent me a picture of himself in just briefs and he is truly a God of perhaps Greece. Peace and Love.

Herman L.
Barrier Lake, MI

DISSENTING OPINIONS

I thought your recent attack on the Disney organization in the Touch & Go section of issue #53 was unfair. It is indeed regrettable that Disneyland found the sight of two gentlemen dancing together undesirable. IN TOUCH's premise that Disneyland is a public place is erroneous. Disneyland is built by private capital on privately owned land. However, it is zoned for "commercial enterprise" as you say. Still, as gays do not expect Playboy to run erotic pictures of males, Disneyland should not be expected to condone activities contrary to its marketing practices. A large portion of the population that Disneyland markets to would be repulsed by the sight of two gentlemen dancing together. If there were a good commercial reason to have gentlemen dancing together, I am sure Disneyland would jump at the market. As a gay visiting Disneyland on many occasions, I have had a great time without dancing with other gentlemen. The two gentlemen in question and other

gays should simply take their dancing patronage to those establishments and I understand Los Angeles is blessed with many of them—that actively solicit a gay clientele. Please do not print my last name.

Tom B.
St. Louis, MO

Tom, Disneyland does not market its products to specifically black audiences either, yet could you imagine them stopping a black couple from dancing among white people? The sight of a white girl dancing with a black man might to use your word "repulse" a lot of people Disneyland markets to, yet could you imagine the imbroglio if Disneyland told an interracial couple to leave the park because they had danced together? There is simply no excuse for the undemocratic treatment of any minority in America.

—Ed

Your article "35 Things You Should Know About Prince Charles" (issue #52) offended me. Canadians are different than most Americans who like gossip about anyone, the dirtier the better, no matter what harm it does to the person involved. When it comes to the Royal Family, we treat them with much



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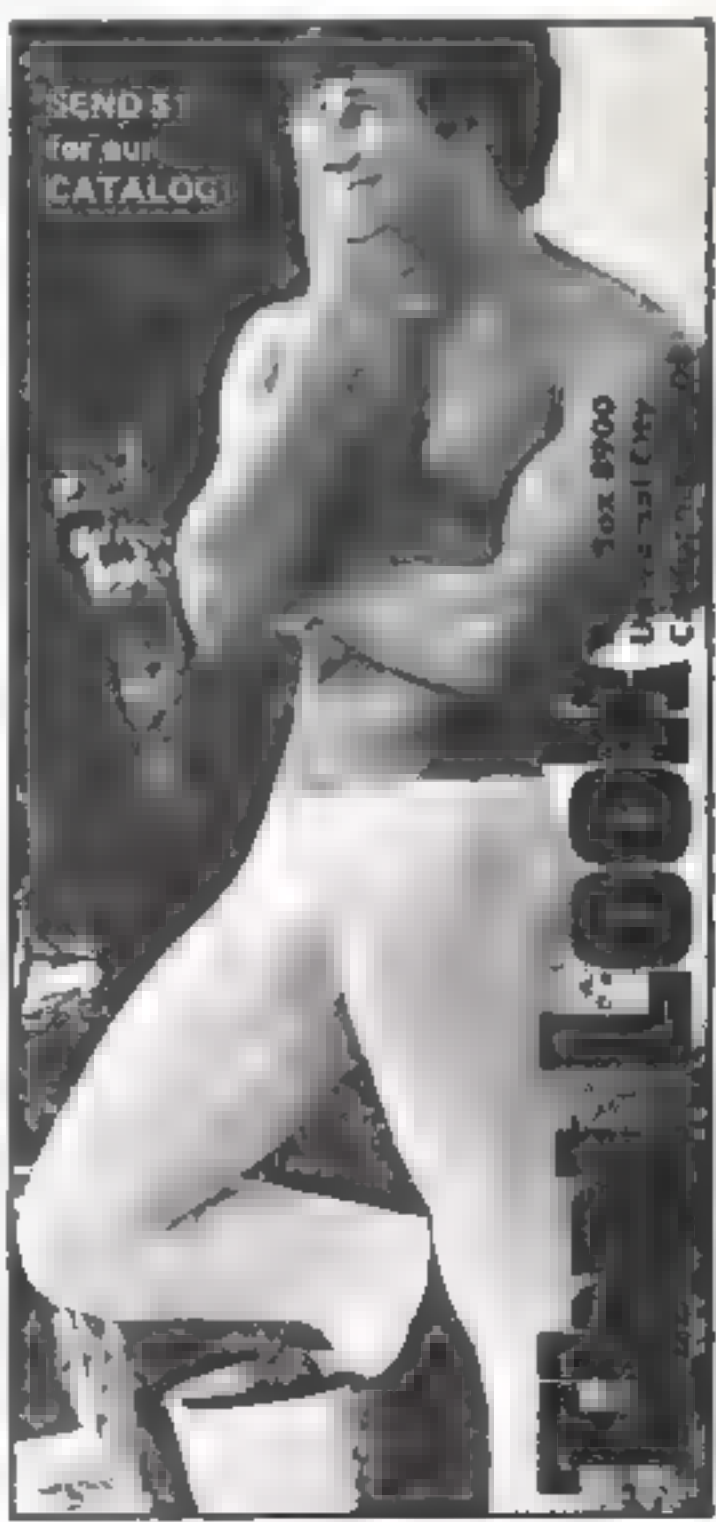
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greater respect than the President of the United States could ever hope to receive. It is interesting to note that your American readers—judging from the Letters column—found the article amusing. Many of my friends did not and asked me to express this. It is interesting to note that there is a new movement in the United States reflected via the recent Court Action taken by Carol Burnett against the National Inquiry into Americans are standing up more strongly against the amount of gossip appearing in their Nation's newspapers. I don't want a magazine of quality to be overtaken by a re-access to policy or gossip. The case of the Prince Charles article and a lot of things were expressed on which he couldn't defend himself. You and I have the right to defend ourselves against gossipers, but he doesn't have that right because of his position. I think in TOUCH you're a little bit out of it. It's easy to see a person's soul from the person who wrote.

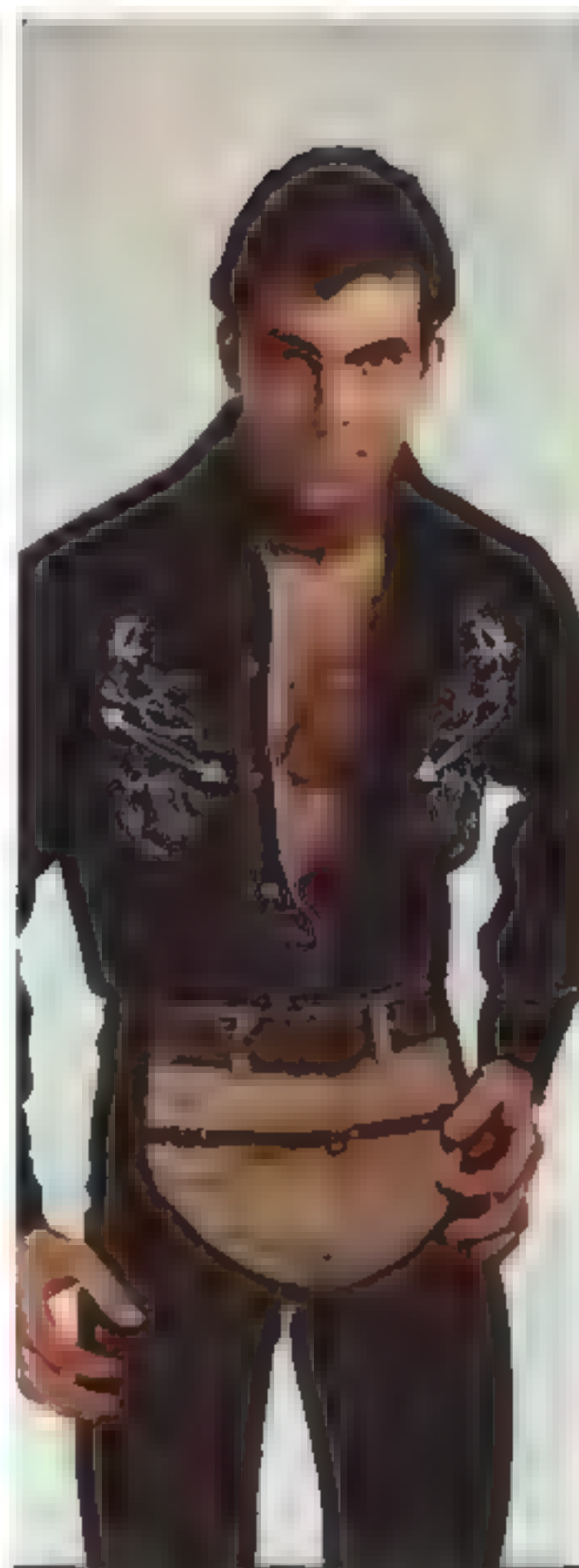
David Ambrose
Chicago

Oh, still and nonsense David. Still and nonsense. The article was by name it is neither professional nor necessary for us to disassociate ourselves from it. Could be that you actively missed the fact that this was a glibhearted piece of things. He still has record on not only black money and a reference

for American lock straps. You are as I've been advocating the overthrow of the English government. What terrible things must the Prince defend himself from? That he would be to us. I can find it. I don't think you choose to take this article much more seriously than it does to be taken. And as far as gossip, going out of style is what is going on. Most of the Warning in Past and Royal Affairs. Gossip will go out of style when people stop doing it. It's about other people. It's after a merely another word in speculation. The foundation stone of science is going and taking the English Royal Family's life. It's a comedy, not a tragedy. It's just that you are reading that he is a royal country.

CT

OOPS! We don't have to apologize to R. Hunter while magazine editors are doing it. It's the same old. These things are not really a problem. But, if we're talking about R. Hunter, it's not that R. Hunter is the only one who can be a leader. The man who went out of the edge of America is hard to find. It's not a very good thing. This is B. and keep it up, not coming.



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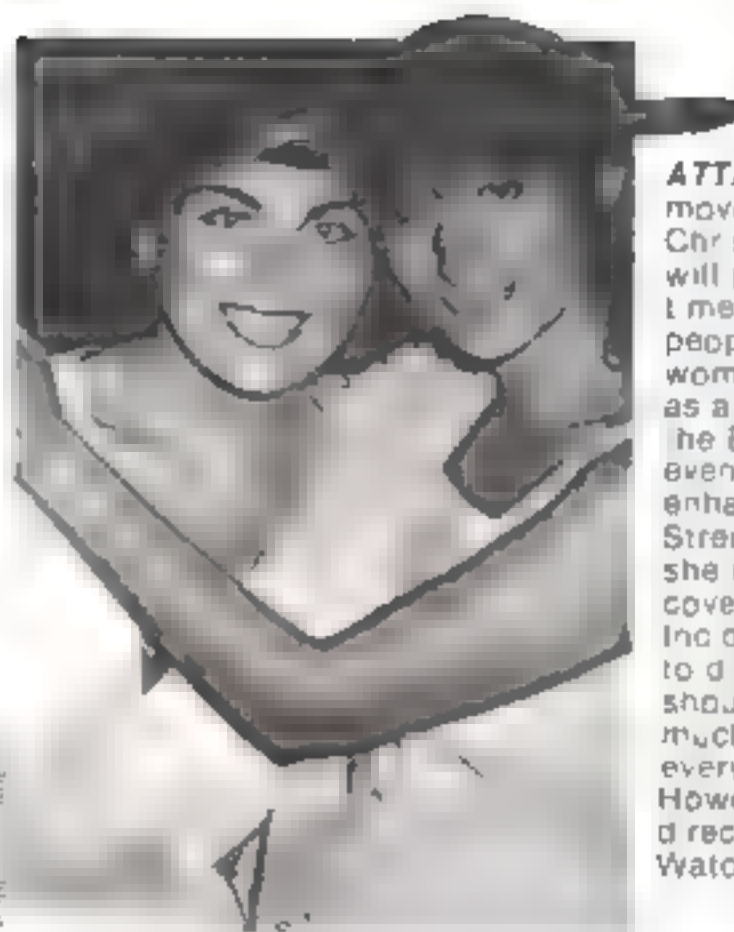
TOUCH & GO



COMIC NOIR. Meet the Spirit, the coolest comic hero at the moment: a baby-doll bruiser who manages to have a bigger basket in baggy pants than Superman does in leotards. He doesn't fly. He doesn't ruck out. He doesn't even wear a costume except for a sexy skin-tight mask. He's just an ordinary Joe who fights crime. Well, not so ordinary. He's an ex-cop who's legally dead and decided to come back undercover—that's why he calls himself the Spirit. OK, but what's the big deal? Well, our hero was actually drawn 40 years ago, written for adults in the Sunday news papers during World War II. He has been resurrected ver- ga-n in reprints sold by Kitchen Sink, Box 7, Prince- ton, NJ 08540, \$2 an issue, an- derground comics entre- prise. Will Eisner, the Spirit's creator, was an admirer of O. Henry and he used elaborate col- or lines with as many twists as a mountain road (some of the stories were even authored by the young Jules

Fierler). Fabulous, bizarre, the art work is strictly Forties film noir. Shadows stretch across faces, marches through dark rooms, neon signs blink across cityscapes. The Spirit meanwhile is constantly dodging femmes fatales—even his fiancée, with the sweetheart face who's always wondering when he's going to marry her. All the other women in the strip are total voluptuaries, slinky as Lauren Bacall but hiding knives in their garters. Totally aggressive with all their sexual buttons pushed, when they meet the Spirit they either want to fuck him or beat him up. These are obviously girls after our own heart. They will rip off his shirt or yank him back by the hair and give him a big soppy Joan Crawford lipstick kiss. No wonder his bulge is always bulging. That's the spirit!

—Jerry Mullins



ATTA BOY, BABSI! In her next movie *Yentl*, a possible Christmas 1981 release, Babs will play an Orthodox Jew at a time in his story when Jewish people didn't educate the women, so she has to dress as a man to go to school. In the Broadway version, Yentl even married a woman to enhance her disguise. Will Streisand go this far? And if she does, who will get this coveted role? Ryan O'Neal? Incidentally, Barbra is a so-so director, the movie, which she should do well having had so much experience directing every movie she ever made. However, this will be her first directing job, on the record. Watch out, Nancy Walker. —Steven Warren



BACK AT THE HIDEOUT

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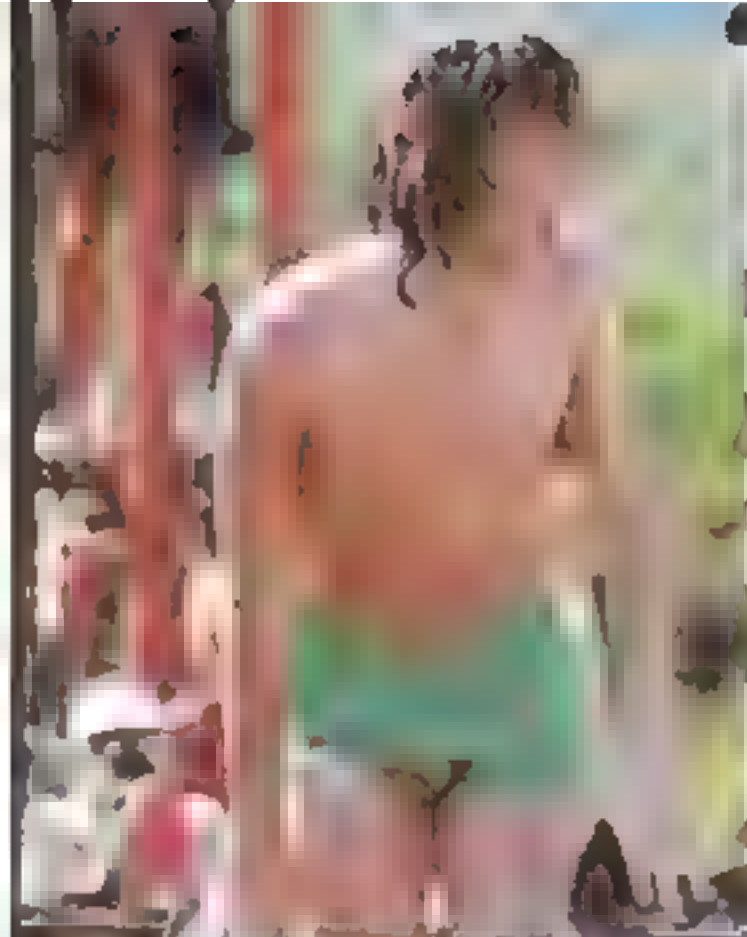


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STOP THAT
STOP.

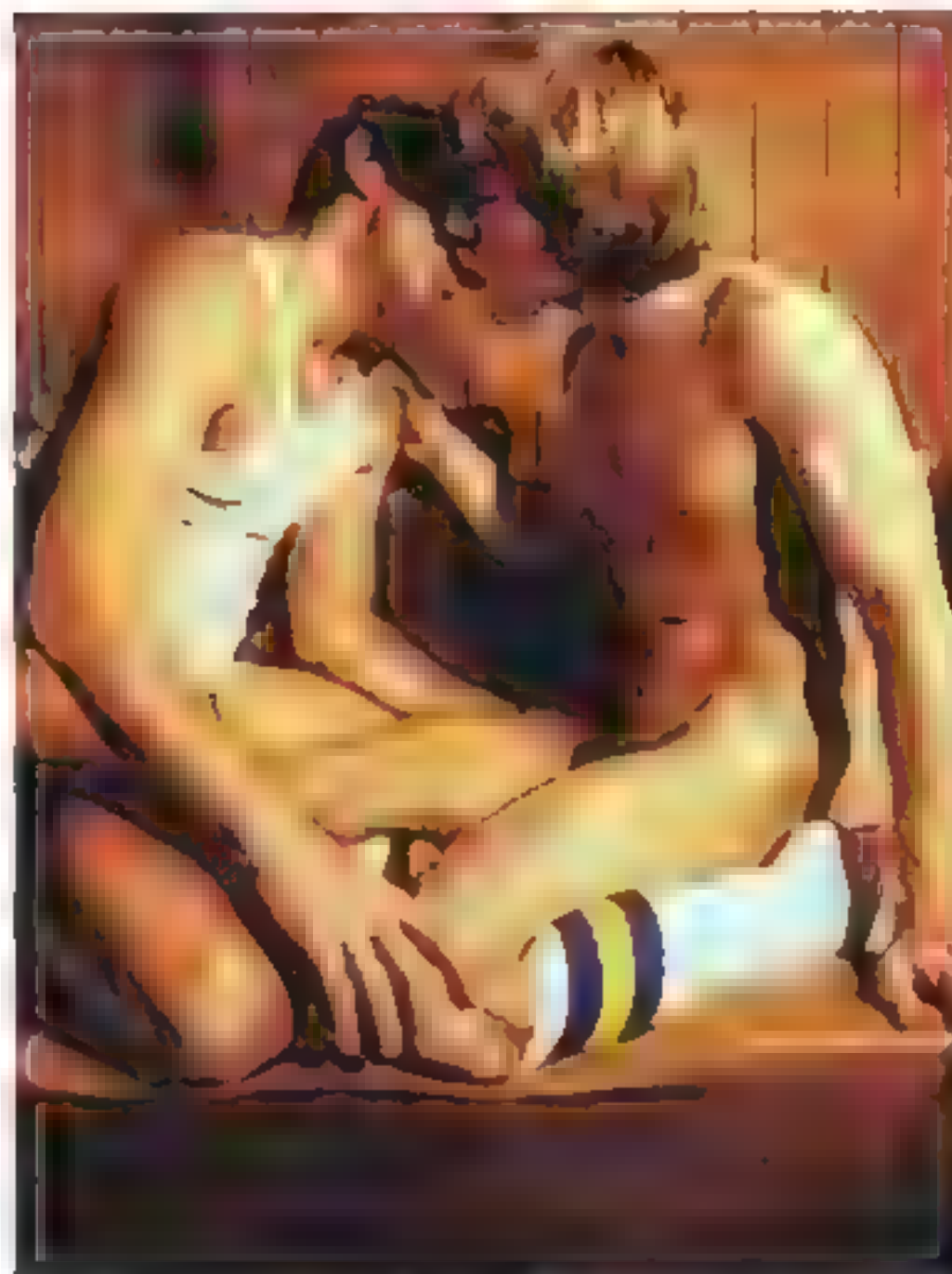


COME DOLLINK,
WE GET
MARRIED!!





SWIM MEET: O.K. you grippers and complainers, here are some better shots from ABC's *Battle of the Stars*. Willy Aames (below) giving us meat and Leif Garrett (left) providing the potatoes



JOE TIFENBACH

TWO MORE VICTIMS OF DONNA SUMMER: University researchers have determined that "high-level noise—such as that frequently found in discos—causes homosexuality in mice and deafness in pigs." Gee, we always thought it was the other way around. Of course, this university is located in Ankara, Turkey, not exactly a bastion of modern science. The Aegean University even went on to say that

disco music might do the same to men. Just picture it—a whole generation of laborers and camel drivers turned into shirtless queens with lam-bourines. One day, they're busy soccer players, butting heads on the playing field and the next they're discussing the relative merits of Tennessee Williams heroines. A university in Ankara, huh? Well now we know why they call it Turkey.

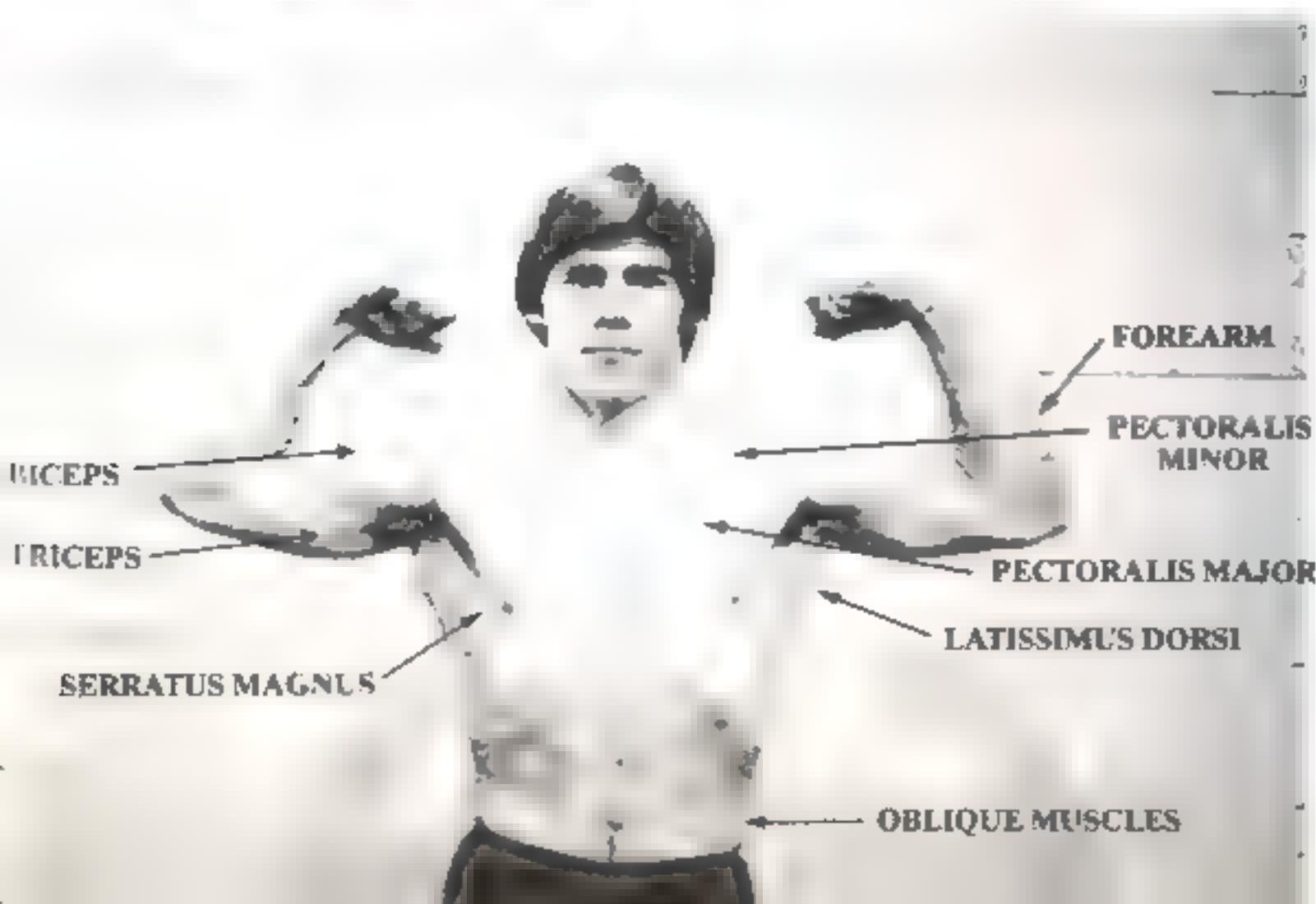


HEY MOM, WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

Chicago's *Gaylife* tells us that a housewife in Winnipeg, Canada, got the shock of her life when she went into a local bookstore to purchase *The Joy of Cooking* and instead picked up *The Joy of Gay Sex*. Upon returning home, she opened the index to "chicken" in hopes of preparing a meal for her family and almost got a case of heart failure. In her rage, she managed to have *The Joy of Gay Sex* removed from the shelves of that bookstore in Manitoba.

This picture, by the way, from what the Red Chinese used to term "Modern Revolutionary Ballet" (that is, propaganda stic horse manure) has a sure camp absurdity that not only suits our housewife in Winnipeg but nicely represents the wacky selection found at one of our favorite postcard shops in the whole wide world: Quality Postcards, 1402 Grant, San Francisco, CA 94133.

ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES OF "GREAT BOOKS" If you're a teenager (and what card-carrying gay man isn't) then you need *Working Out with Weights* by Steve Jarre (Arco Publishers, 219 Park Avenue South, N.Y.C. 10003, \$4.95), a manual designed for High Schoolers who want to get the most from their bodies. As you see here, the manual (it's really a book but we like using "manual" in this context) is loaded with pictures of 18-year-olds who have impressed the coach-author with bodies they've gotten the most out of and here demonstrate that knack for others. Super set after super set is painstakingly shown with diet, vitamin and work-out advice aimed squarely at the needs—those very real needs—of the teenage body. Easily this is one of the most specific and helpful books on the subject and we recommend it to any of our teenage readers who plan to make their mark at the Olympics, the Saint or the Probe.



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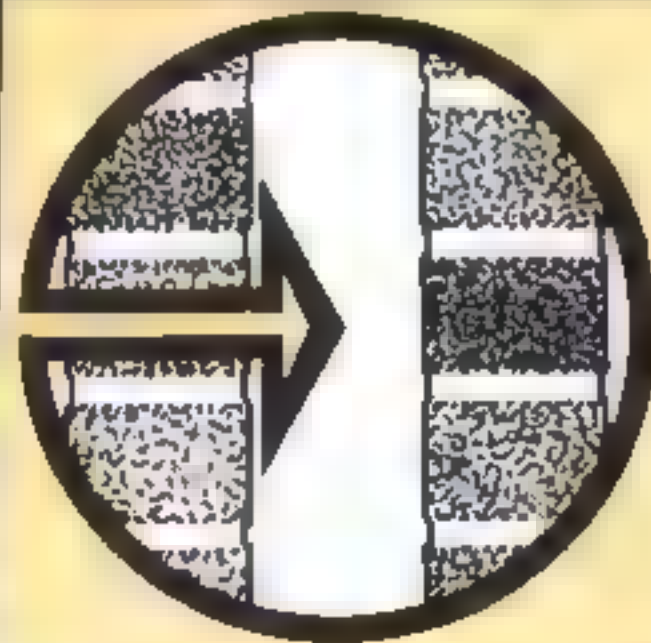
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THE GOLDEN

"Did you come to tell me I was polluting the sport? A col

by WILLIAM BELL

TV wrestling is a ritual with me. I wrestle on the state college team so I know what those pro guys do is only for entertainment and not really a sport. But I watch it for the chance of seeing Kyle Mason, aka as The Golden Gladiator. Kyle is a turn-on, all right, a 220-pound piece of hunky action in a plumed helmet and gold boots. I get a hard-on just looking at him and remembering the time spent going over every inch of that hot body with my tongue. Knowing I've had my prick up that lovely ass. Knowing I've had that lovely prick up me.

Meeting the Golden Gladiator was very simple. I was wrestling on the high school team in my hometown of Calypso, Georgia. The Calypso Coyotes. I was wrestling 152-pound class and I was hot in more ways than one. The team was in Atlanta for the state finals. I won both my matches but Calypso came in second in the meet overall.

Semester break was on and I had my folks permission to stay in Atlanta for the weekend. I was high on my personal triumph and definitely ready for some relaxation. In a way I was sorry to miss the bus trip back to Calypso, a trip on which, without the supervision of Coach Reynolds who was traveling in his car with the co-captains, my team mates would mess around outrageously on the bus.

Once on a trip to South Carolina, somebody started a kissing game where you kissed a guy on the mouth and he had to pass it on. If you resisted, you were out of the game. Some of the guys opened up and let themselves get Frenched and really got into it. Jocks get very horny on the road. Being certified he-men, nobody takes the sex play very seriously. It's just another form of rough house.

I checked into the Atlanta YMCA with some night life guides. That's when I first saw the Golden Gladiator. He was growling in an ad for a pro-wrestling match. It was his Roman gladiator costume that caught my eye. This, I thought, would be a goof. Most scholastic wrestlers hate the idea of freaks using the sport for monetary gain but a wild streak in me enjoys a lot of things jocks are turned off by, or pretend to be.

I took a bus to the grubby arena where the Gladiator was fighting and got a ticket in the cheap seats. The place suggested a stable: there was straw on the floor and it



Illustration by TEDDY

GLADIATOR

“The jock told me that once and I beat his ass.”

smelled like a zoo. Little kids were running around the aisles flying paper airplanes.

In the ring a big slob in farmer overalls was slamming the hell out of two regular sized guys. He banged their heads together and laid on top of them and it was so hokey that all I could do was laugh. The ref counted them out. The crowd booed and threw paper cups at the winner.

Then the Golden Gladiator appeared looking much sexier than he did in the ad. He took off his plumed helmet and revealed a head of dark blond curls. An attendant undressed his breastplate and removed it, then undid his metallic skirt leaving the Gladiator dressed in gold high-top boots and short black leather trunks that barely covered his ass. He obviously had a big cock and it was emphasized by the cut of the trunks. The crowd cheered wildly as the Gladiator waved at them.

His opponent was the snarling Ivan the Madman, who looked convincingly demented. Ivan ran across the ring before the bell and attacked the Gladiator, but the Gladiator sluggish him, then came at him with clenched fists and Ivan cowered in his corner, one leg outside the ropes, begging for mercy.

This match was very hokey too. Ivan pulled a lot of dirty tricks, like gouging the Gladiator's eyes with some object he hid in his trunks when the ref was looking away. The Gladiator roared with pain as the crowd desperately tried to tell the ref what Ivan had done. I guess I got caught up in the fantasy because when Ivan tangled the Gladiator in the ropes and started choking him I found myself getting sexually aroused.

All the Gladiator's sweating muscles strained against the illegal assaults of the Madman. I wanted to take away his pain, soothe those straining muscles, suck his cock.

Ivan slammed the Gladiator into a corner post and I jumped up howling with a raging hound. I saw myself licking his balls while he moaned in agony from the beating he was taking. The crowd turned quiet as the beating went on. Men around me were breathing funny, like they were getting really turned on watching this big helpless beauty suffer.

Then the whole thing changed. The Gladiator struggled to his feet and started smashing Ivan. The Madman turned into a coward again, holding up his hands and begging the Gladiator to stop, but the curly-haired hero kept up the assault. The

crowd went wild, cheering him on. The Gladiator seemed to use his last ounce of pounce as he punched Ivan into a stupor and fell on top of him to win the match.

While the ring announcer was declaring the winner, Ivan struggled to his feet and tried to hit the Gladiator from behind. The Gladiator broke from the ref, who was holding his hand up, and chased Ivan out of the ring. The crowd loved it and so did I.

I did not watch the next match but, on impulse, followed The Golden Gladiator to the dressing rooms. The arena was so rinky-dink, nobody stopped me. I stood outside the door he went through and listened. Several men were talking inside but I couldn't make out what they were saying. Then two hooded-looking characters came out and gave me a stare. They disappeared down the hallway and I knocked at the door.

"It's open," a voice said. I went in.

The Golden Gladiator was sitting naked on a bench toweling sweat off his chest and stomach. His boots and trunks were on the floor beside him. He looked up, holding the towel in front of his crotch for a moment, then resumed toweling down his enormous thighs and calves. I had enough locker room practice not to stare even though I wanted to. The wrestler laughed.

"What are you, a fan or something?" he asked.

"Actually I'm a wrestler," I answered.

The Gladiator observed me closely and grunted like he was amused. "You don't look like a wrestler."

"I just won my class at the high school state finals."

"Oh, one of those," he said. He tossed the damp towel away. His thick cock lay to one side, the head caressing his inner thigh. Rope-like veins coursed along the thick shaft. Like all jocks, he was casual about his nakedness.

"Did you come to tell me I was polluting the sport? A college jock told me that once and I beat his ass."

"You're giving the people what they want."

"Damn straight." The Gladiator smiled. Slowly he stood up. He was more than a head taller than me and outweighed me by about seventy pounds. "My friends call me Goldie," he said, offering his hand. I couldn't tell if he was being serious. "Real name's Kyle Mason. I like that better actually." His handshake was firm and warm. It sent a mild charge of electricity

up my arm.

"I'm Rick Barey of the Calypso Coyotes," I said.

Footsteps pattered down the hall. "Let's try this one," a boy's voice said. The door flew open and half a dozen grade school boys piled into the room. Kyle modestly wrapped a towel around his waist, giving me a big smile.

The Golden Gladiator—one of the kids yelled, "It's him!"

"What's up, men?" Kyle said.

A red-haired boy spoke for the group. "Can we have your autograph?" Several kids held out souvenir programs.

"Three for a quarter," Kyle said.

"Aw, the smallest boy said,

"He's only kiddin'," the redhead said.

"You really smashed Ivan," another piped.

Kyle asked each of them their names. He sat down and wrote a personal inscription on each program as the kids talked at once.

"Can I feel your muscle?" one said.

"Feel away," Kyle said. He flexed slightly as the kids squeezed his shoulders and biceps. The little hands were all over Kyle's massive arms, fondling him the way one might fondle a tame bear, gingerly and respectfully. Kyle put up with this for a while then shook them off.

"O.K. guys," he said. "I got to shower and catch a plane."

"Let's go find Ivan the Madman," the red-haired boy said.

"Give him a kick in the ass for me," Kyle said. The boys laughed and trooped out happily clutching their autographs. I almost left with them but something held me back. Kyle looked at me.

"You want to feel my muscle, too?" he said. "I was afraid it was a put-down but he gave me a big smile." "Why don't you hang in while I take a shower?" he said. "I'll buy a fellow wrestler a brew. You old enough to drink brew?"

"Sure, yes," I said.

Kyle smiled mischievously. "Second thought, can you wash backs? I like to have my back washed."

My instinct was to rebel at lackey treatment but I felt he didn't mean to be insulting. I decided his invitation was from one jock to another. The possibilities seemed more than interesting.

"You wash mine?" I asked.

"Whatever."

The situation was getting hot. Kyle

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threw his towel over a locker door. He stood naked, looking kind of serious, waiting for me to make a move.

"What about your airplane?" I said.

"My what?" Oh, that was bullshit. I got nothing to catch but some shit from my old lady. "I don't make it home tonight. Stop down, Boy Wonder. I see you in the shower."

Kyle padded across the room and locked the outside door, then he went through a frosted glass door into the shower room. I heard a rush of water from the shower head and the sapping sound of the big wrestler soaping down. For a moment I almost panicked and spit, but the image of soapy water streaming over Kyle's enormous body was too much to resist. I shucked off my clothes and opened the door to the shower stall.

Steam rolled down the white tiles. Mistily I saw Kyle soaping his crotch with both hands. He stood taking the full blast of hot water on his face. His hair was plastered back, water coursing down his pecks and muscle-rippled belly. He turned to soap his big meaty behind. He seemed to pay me no attention as he spread the thick white foam on the backs of his legs, then faced me full frontally. Soap matted his blond pubic hair and streamed off his cock. He handed me the soap.

On my back.

I lathered Kyle's back and blond rushed past my temples, colder than the shower spray.

I take back what I said about you not looking like a wrestler," he said. "Get on this." He indicated his big cock.

I rubbed the soap under his balls and up his asscrack and he began soaping up my dick, which suddenly attracted attention like an eagle perched upon a sergeant's cock. I moved Kyle's heavy arms and he bent his knees to bring his head even with mine. My dick pressed into his bush and I felt his excitement coming up. Soon my balls were resting on top of his enormous shaft. He slid his dick between my legs. I pressed my thighs together and caught his cock in the crease behind my balls.

Kyle moved in and out, my balls riding high. I reached under his arms and clasped his broad pear of a back. There was a taste of chlorine in the water as our mouths met. His tongue was cold and probed under and around mine, finally reaching my throat. I went wild sucking his tongue into my mouth, trying to suck it in the way it is roots.

Kyle twisted his head from side to side, smashing our mouths together. He panned some slobber from around my ass and soaped my pulsing cock with a fist grip as he kept fucking me gently under the balls.

"Don't make me come yet," I said. My voice was all choked up.

"Sure, baby. Get me off. I can come all you want. It won't even get soft."

(Continued on page 37)



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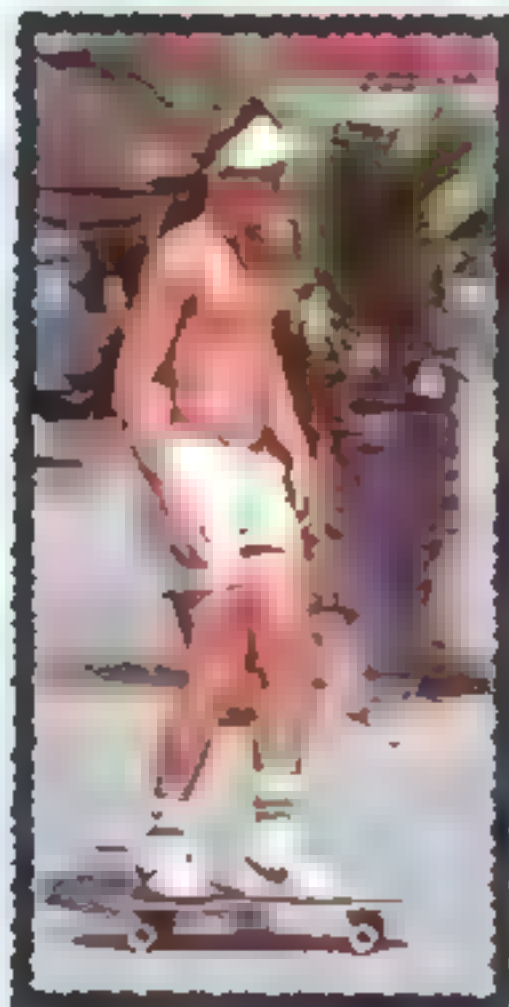
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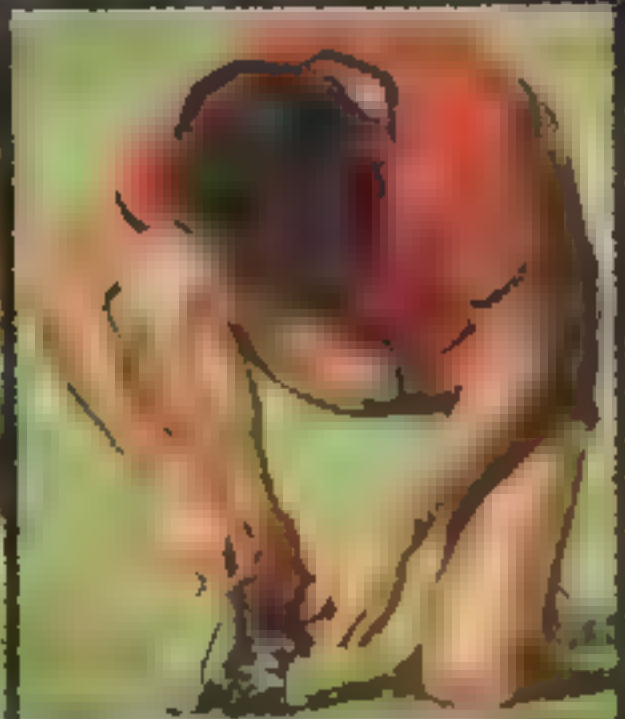
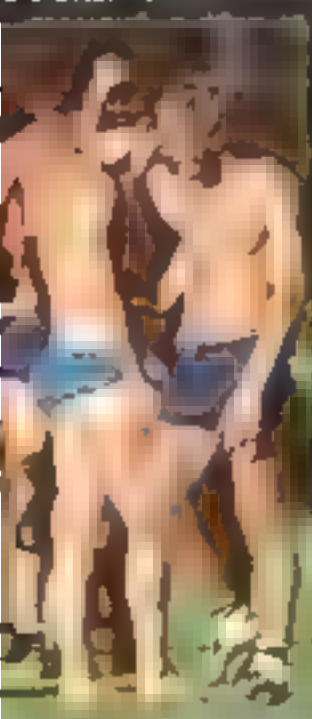
Additional Photography by **LAYNE NIELSON**
& JIM YOUSLING

Radical Action sports is the name given to those sports—like Frisbee skateboarding, jogging—which up until five years ago were thought of as recreations. They are characterized by being solitary rather than team endeavors and—in the case of wheels here—dependant on the new technological developments in plastics, which allow for the sort of moves, articulation and competitive precision demanded by a sport.

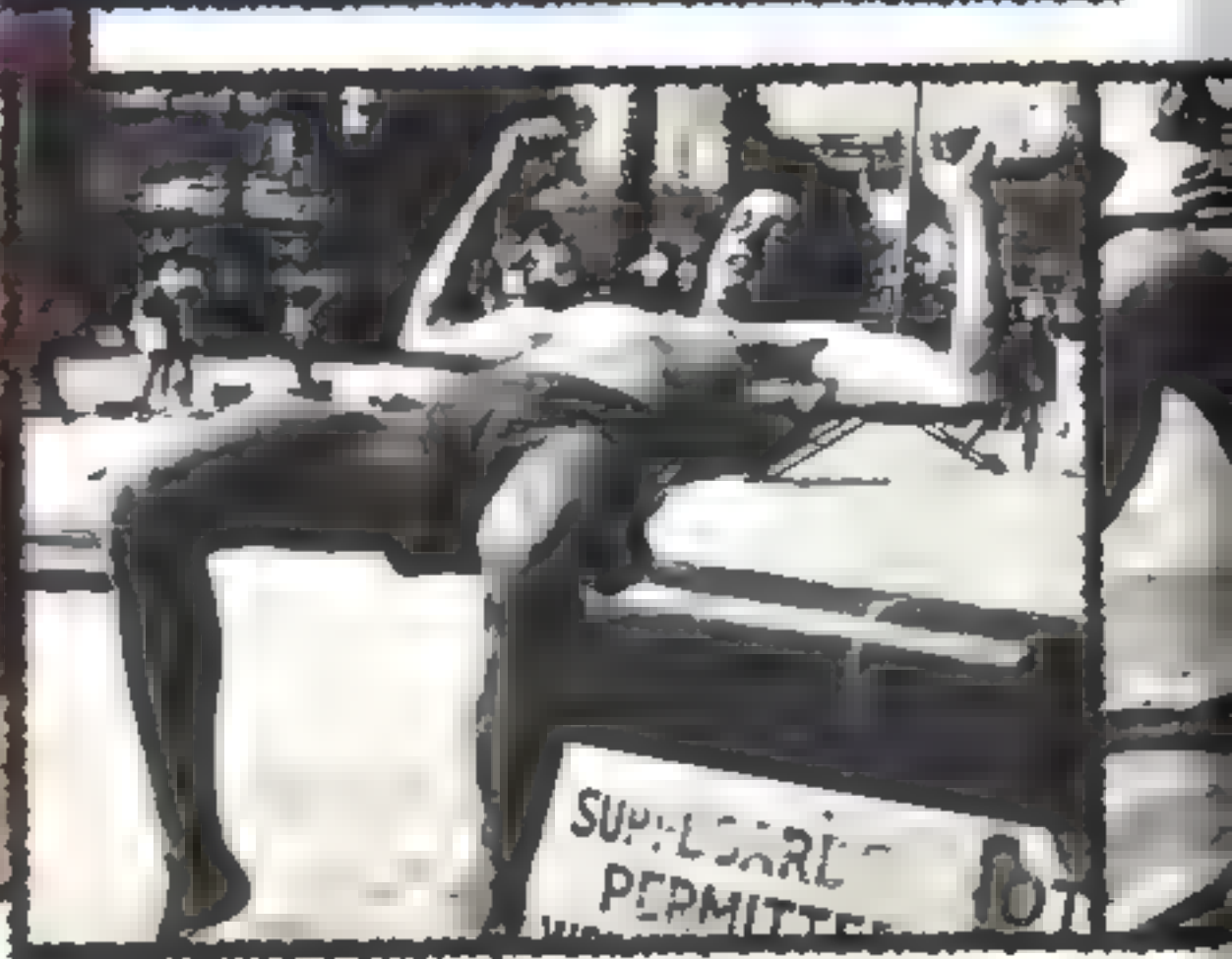
Here we see skateboards, roller skates and a unicycle—just three of the things you can play with when you're alone.

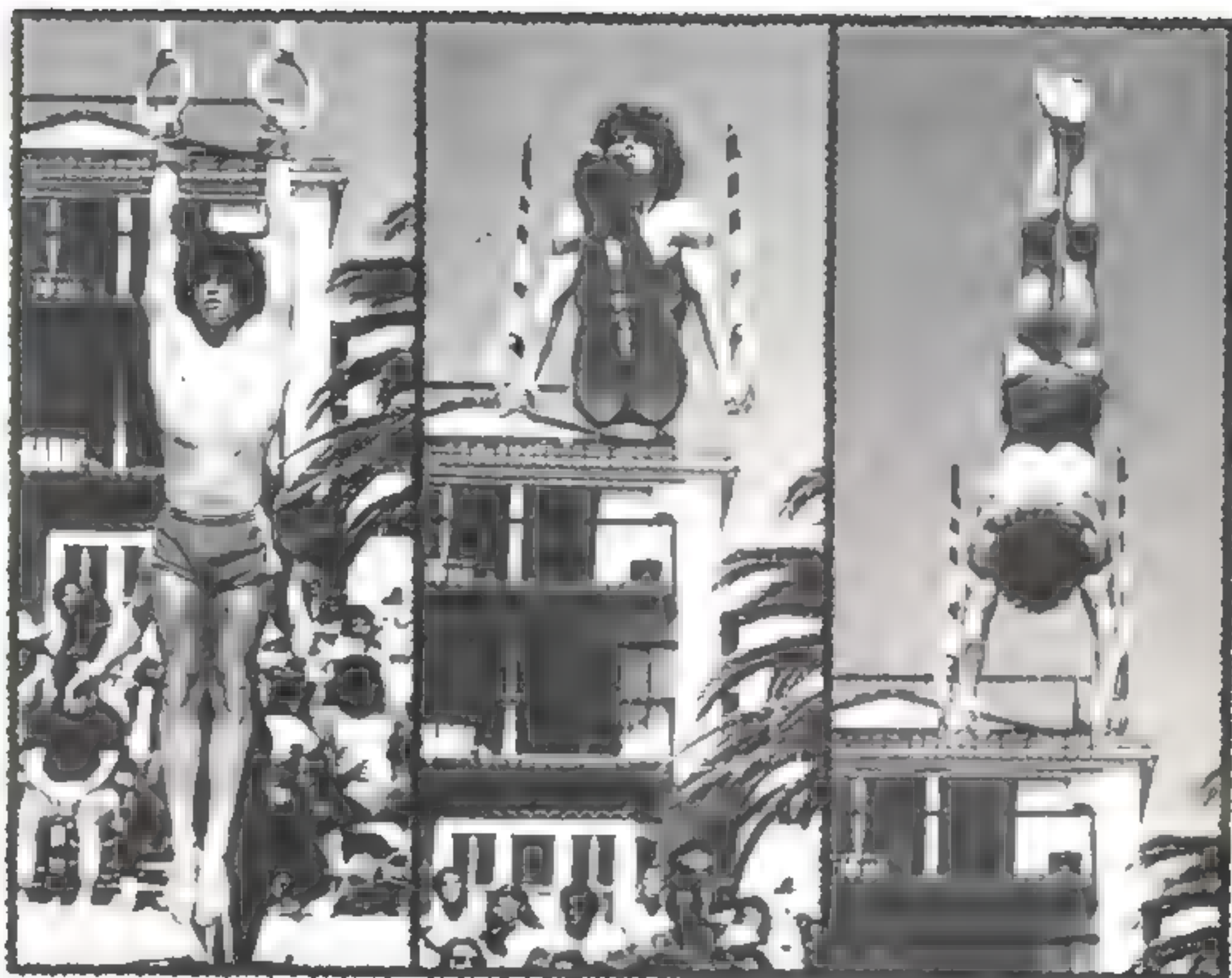
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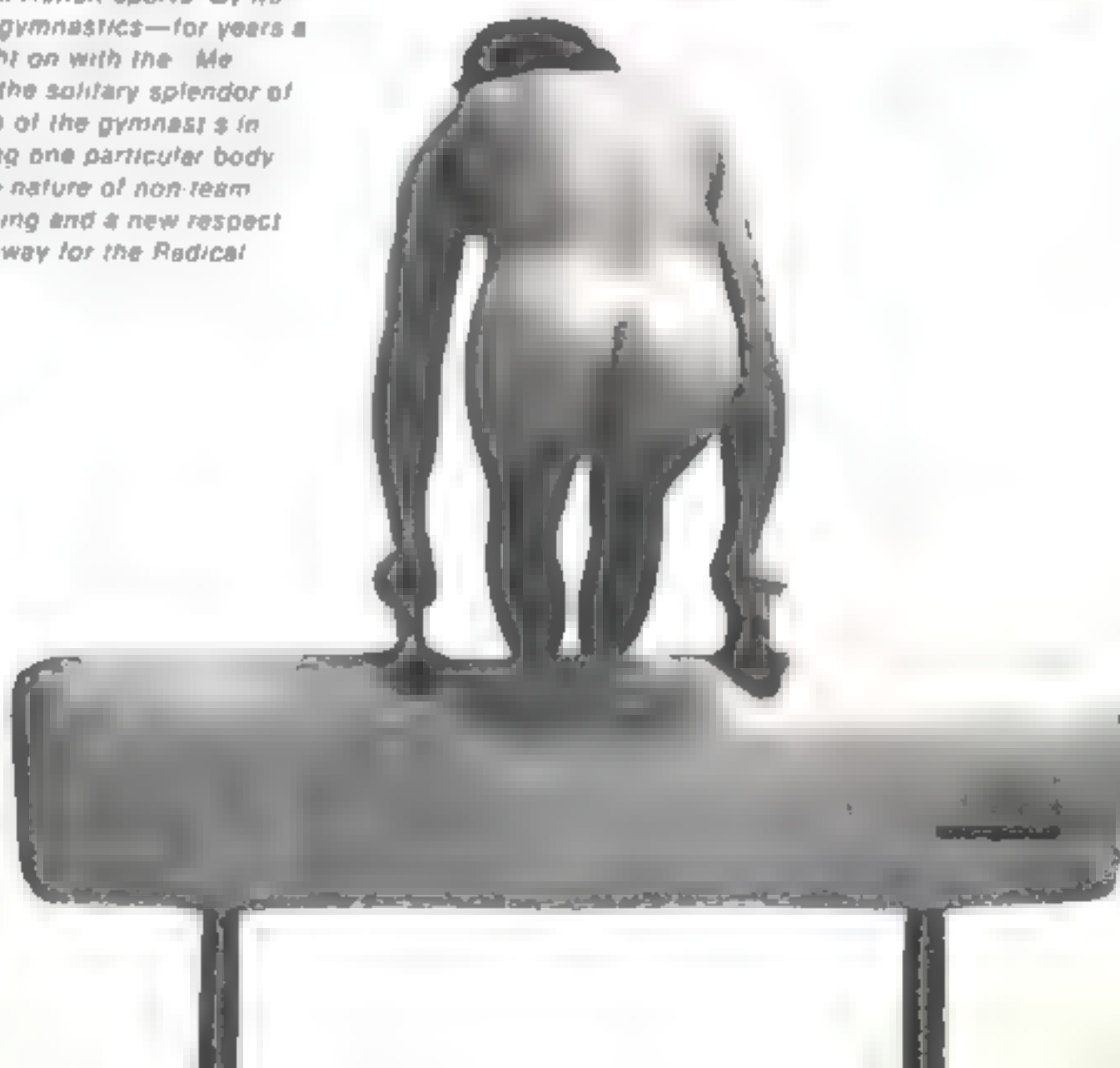




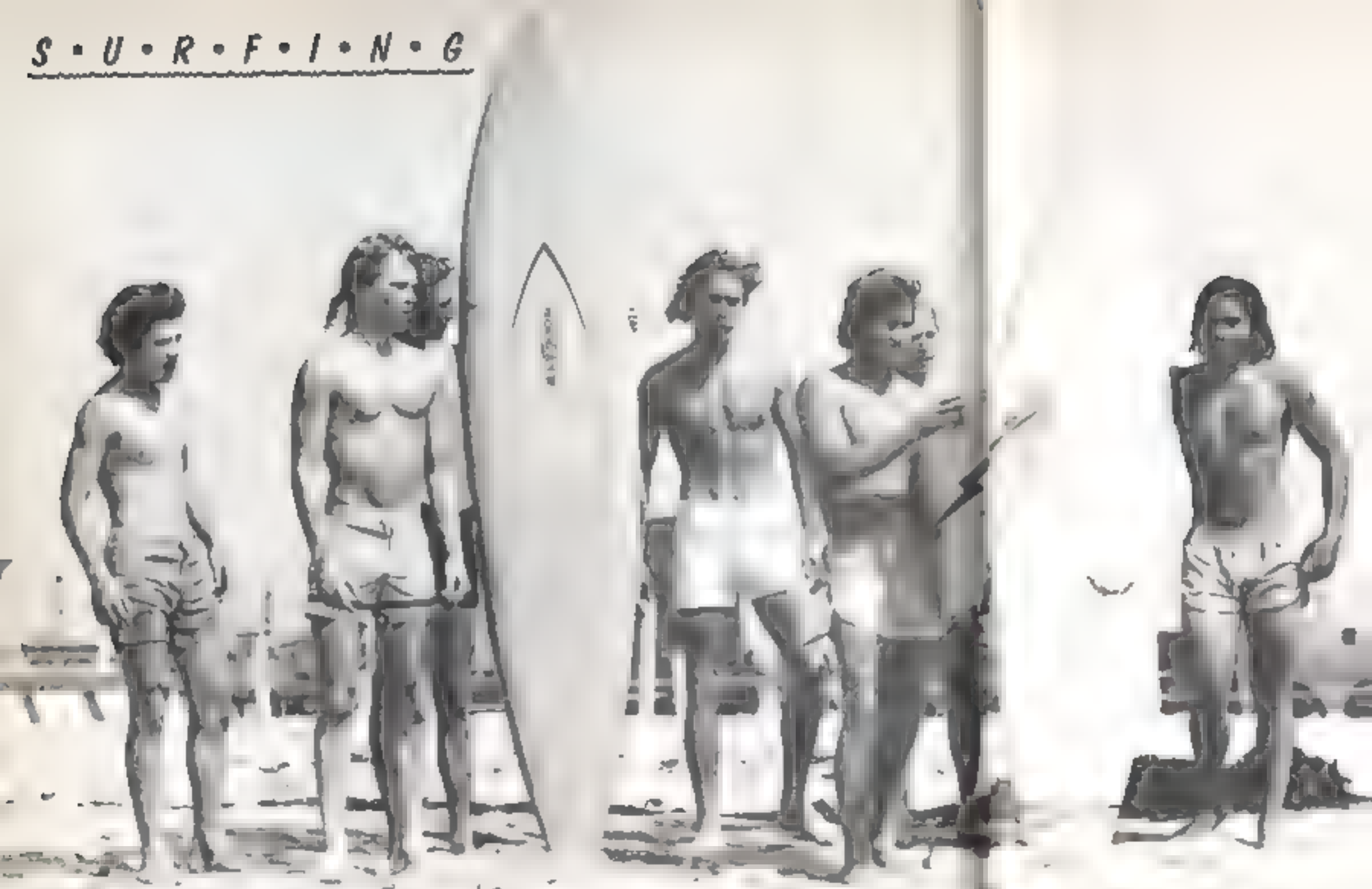


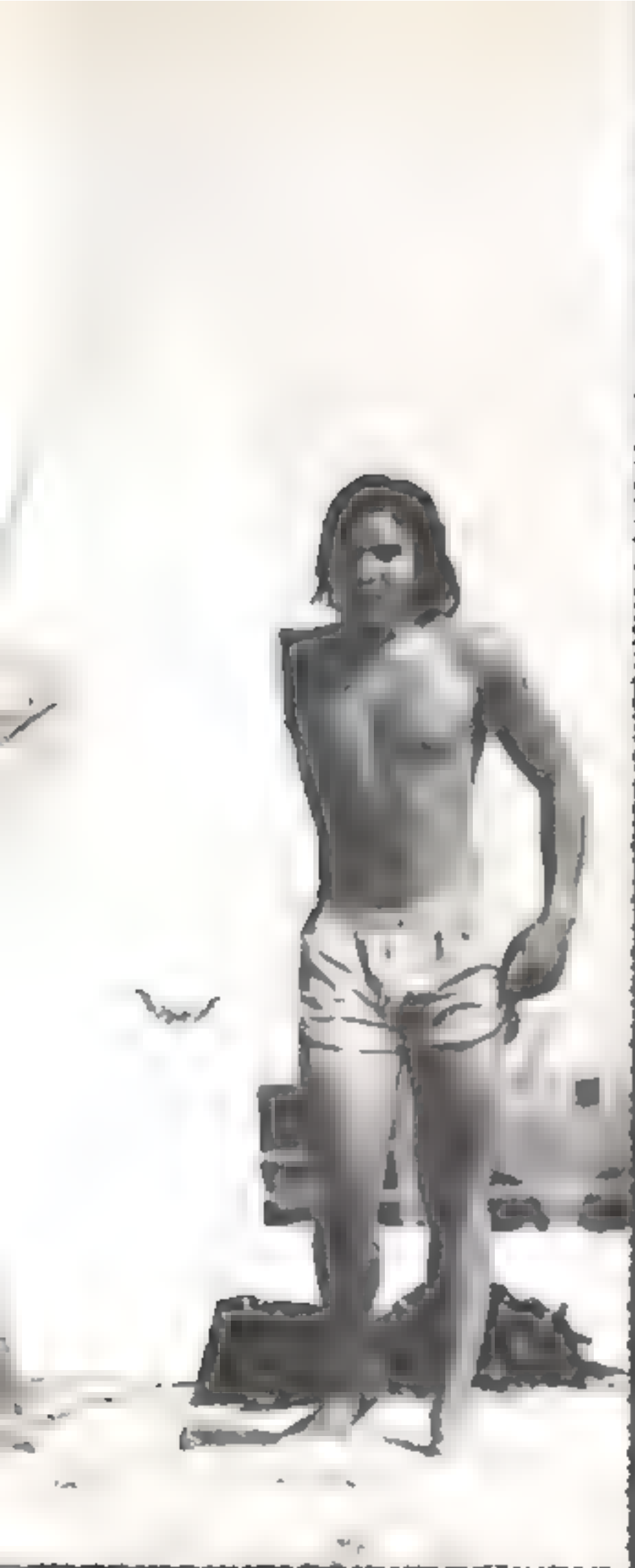


Gymnastics is easily the big brother of Radical Action sports. By its exposure at the Olympics during the Seventies, gymnastics—for years a minor and largely foreign sport—suddenly caught on with the 'Me Generation' for a variety of reasons. There was the solitary splendor of the star in the spotlight, the post-LSD mysticism of the gymnast's inwardness as he concentrated solely on perfecting one particular body movement, the balletic as opposed to combative nature of non-team sports. This, along with the popularity of swimming and a new respect for weightlifting (both solitary sports) paved the way for the Radical Action movement.




S • U • R • F • I • N • G





THE 10 SEXIEST MEN IN SPORTS



Text and collages by HARLEY REES

What do 10 sexy pro athletes and 20 million gay men have in common?
BALLS!"

Jockstrap fever is nothing new (certainly not to us) and today's hot jocks are seen everywhere—on TV shows, in movies, and dancing on ice skates showing off their butts and their ooh-la-la-Sassons

With their washboard bellies, powerful arms and super thick thighs, these macho men—be they 20-year-old rookies or 40-year-old veterans—are the perfect fantasy mode for any red-blooded All-American gay boy

Remember the captain of your high school basketball team with his long arms, big feet and big hands? Remember the dreamy football quarterback who was built as solidly as the school's gymnasium? Remember the guys who sat in school all day just to rush off to practice and sweat with their teammates, only to end the afternoon in a crowded, steamy, hot shower? Remember the nights remembering the teams?

Those boys have grown up! They're now men!

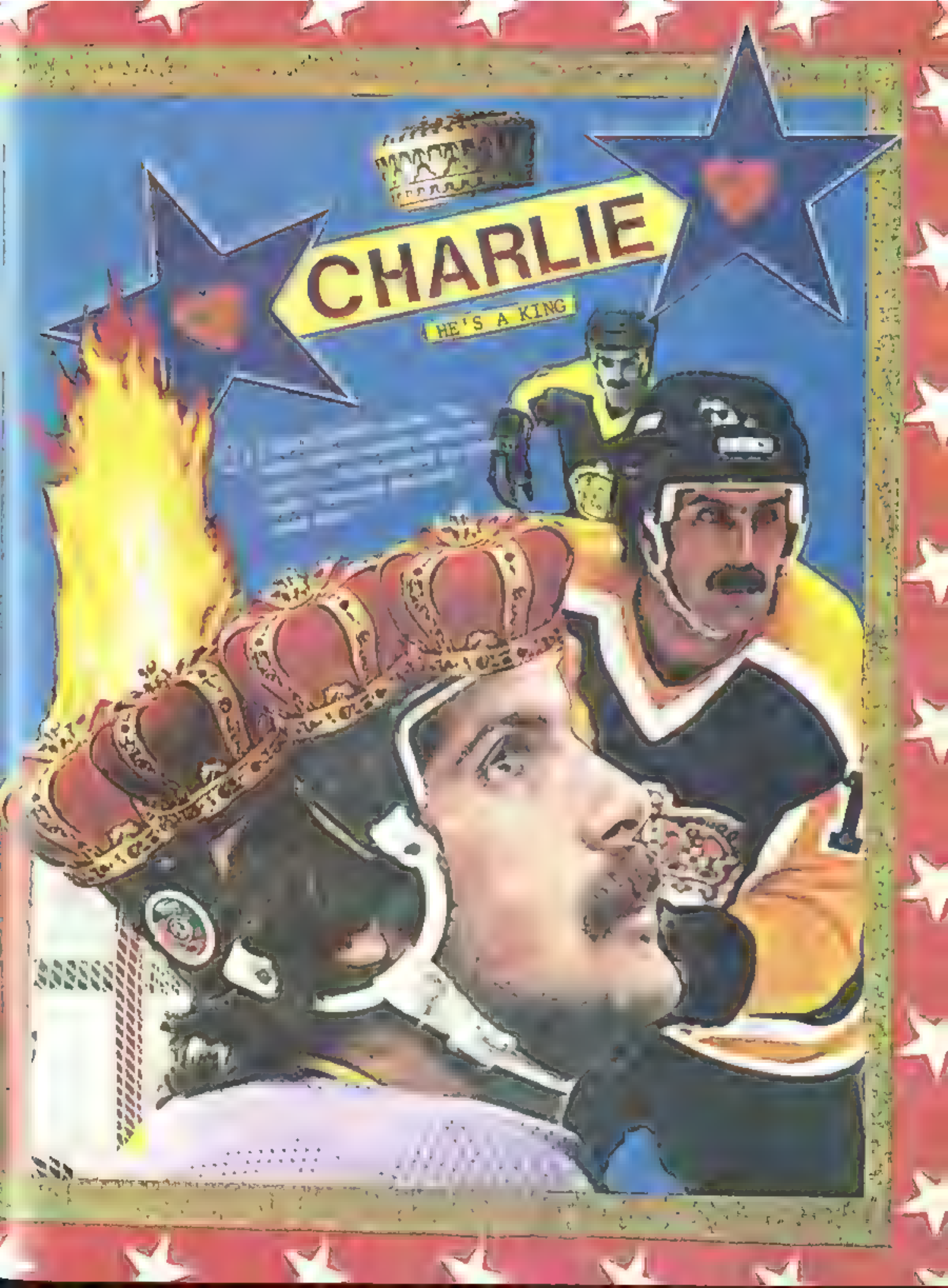
Men's men who thrill to the comradeship of flipping towels at each other's asses and tossing warm jockstraps across the locker room at a special teammate's face. Men's men who cherish victory with hugs and high-fives, friendly pats on the butt for a job well done. Men's men who console each other after a defeat with long sideline embraces or a shared towel for crying. Grown-up little boys, still anticipating the big game, the glory and the magic

From muscles to moustaches, gay men and athletes have never had so much in common since the days of the Roman baths. And with that, we offer our 1981 list of the 10 Sexiest Men in Sports

Now put on your jockstrap, grab your bat and PLAY BALL!"

CHARLIE

HE'S A KING







5

6

7



GOLDEN GLADIATOR

(Continued from page 22)

Really?

Not with you.

My knees hit the wet white tile floor. I kissed the head of the big rock s prick and the thing slide into my mouth. I had sucked on a guy once before but this time my throat really opened up.

"Take it, bitch," Kyle growled. "Take that cock. Bite it."

I sunk my teeth into the meat, not with any great pressure but hard enough for him to suck in air quickly between his teeth. His strong fingers knotted my hair.

"Bitch," he moaned.

I couldn't argue with the insult. Kyle had turned me into a bitch. My mouth was as hungry for dick as any barnyard twat in heat. As he fucked into me, my teeth scratched his cockshaft and I began to realize that he dug the pain. I bit down hard and he drove his prick all the way down my throat.

"Harder!" he ordered. "Bite that thing like you mean it!"

I dug in so hard that I expected him to come. Kyle's neck and shoulder muscles shuddered. "Ahhh. Your mouth's better than pussy, baby," he said and drove down my throat like a demon. His breathing came fast. A puffing locomotive he was, enormous, driving. Passion rage shivered his thighs as he fucked. Suddenly he pulled his cock out of my mouth, held me by the hair and slapped my face with the big meat. Soapy foam flew everywhere as Kyle started beating off, beating that shaft as I tried to subdue a wild thing. Kyle pulled my head to under his balls and took both of them in my mouth, tasting soap.

"Work those balls," he said. "Work those balls with your tongue. Yeah, yeah, put on 'em, bitch. I did everything he was telling me to do and he stroked away. I pulled his butt cheeks apart and probed him with soapy fingers. Two, three, four went in.

"Bitch," he ordered. "D-d and he drove his cock back down my throat. A great shudder wracked his heavy frame, jarring him clear to his feet. His come thundered out jet after jet. Down my throat I pulled back then went for it, swallowed and it filled again. Kyle was easing down now.

He wore a big smile, messed my hair and I went to suck again. His cock had relaxed a little but was still hard.

"What'd I tell you?" he said. "It's ready for more." The Golden Gladiator suddenly became cuddly and affectionate, pulling me up and kissing me. We could hear the crowd yelling in the auditorium. He had turned the shower off.

The transition wasn't easy but I knew he wanted to be the worshipper now and me the idol. He knelt in front of me, kissing my balls gently and humming sexy vibrations into them. My hard-on got harder. Kyle took it in his mouth. He ran his hands

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over my belly, grabbing muscle and kneading it.

'Fuck my butt,' he said. He stood up and put his palms against the tile wall.

I gathered my swollen dick. 'Do it,' Kyle said. I put it to him. He purred with pleasure and I drove in for real. The hard mounds of his ass arched up to meet my thrust. It was better than girls, tighter and more accessible. The asshole begged for more and I delivered, pumping like a champ. I held Kyle tight around the middle, reached up past his armpits and grabbed his shoulders. I wrapped my legs around his, riding him like a bronco-buster.

Our breathing reverberated in the steamy shower room. Bells rang in the arena in rhythm with the thrusting that joined me to The Golden Gladiator, making of our two highly trained bodies a single hot organism tearing at itself, driving itself to an apex of orgasmic fulfillment. The sloshing, slapping noise of fucking filled my consciousness.

My load shot into Kyle and I gave a cowboy yell.

We both rinsed off, then returned to the locker room and toweled down.

One more time and I'll buy you that beer," Kyle said. He had me lie face down on the narrow dressing bench and smeared lube on my butt. Holding my cheeks apart, he slid in. I stiffened for a moment in panic, exhaled sharply with the pain and the muscle mercifully relaxed. The big man rode me, crushing my belly to the bench and fucking hard. It felt great. The wrestler's piston thrusts focused my whole consciousness in my gut where his cock was, and in my balls. The jock smell of the room was getting me off. I felt as if I had journeyed to the very center of my own maleness. I was warm, snug, surrounded by pure virility. Manhood surrounded me and manhood was plunging into me. A rush flushed my whole body and my mind soared through to another plane. I was being initiated into a deep mystery, a mysterious vision of the world of cock, a world completely within itself.

Hot sperm flooded my gut.

When my senses cleared, Kyle was appraising himself in a full-length mirror. He ran his hands lightly over his glistening belly and traced the muscles near his crotch with his fingertips. He caught my eye in the mirror and grinned.

'You've got a sweet ass,' he said. 'Don't let anybody tell you any different.'

At that moment my butt felt sweet to me, too. Kyle flicked a wet towel at it, producing a snap and a sting.

'Pull your drawers on, champ,' he said. 'We'll go have that beer.'

We did. A half hour later we parted, him patting my head and then taking me in a tender-tough head grip shaking me a bit, and then with a wink and a "good-bye Sport," he was out the door.

I never saw him again - except on TV. But I'll never forget him. Not ever. ■■

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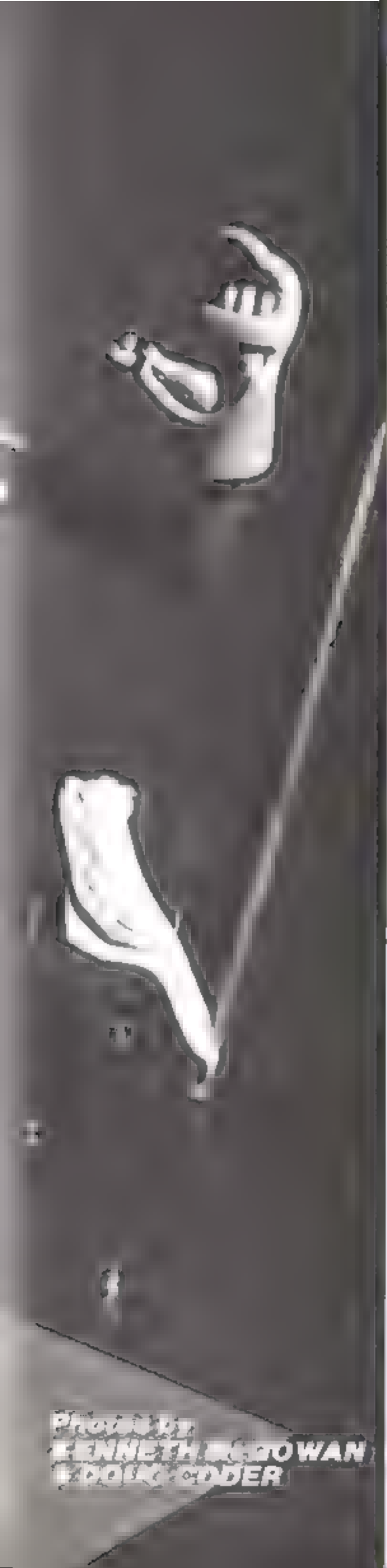
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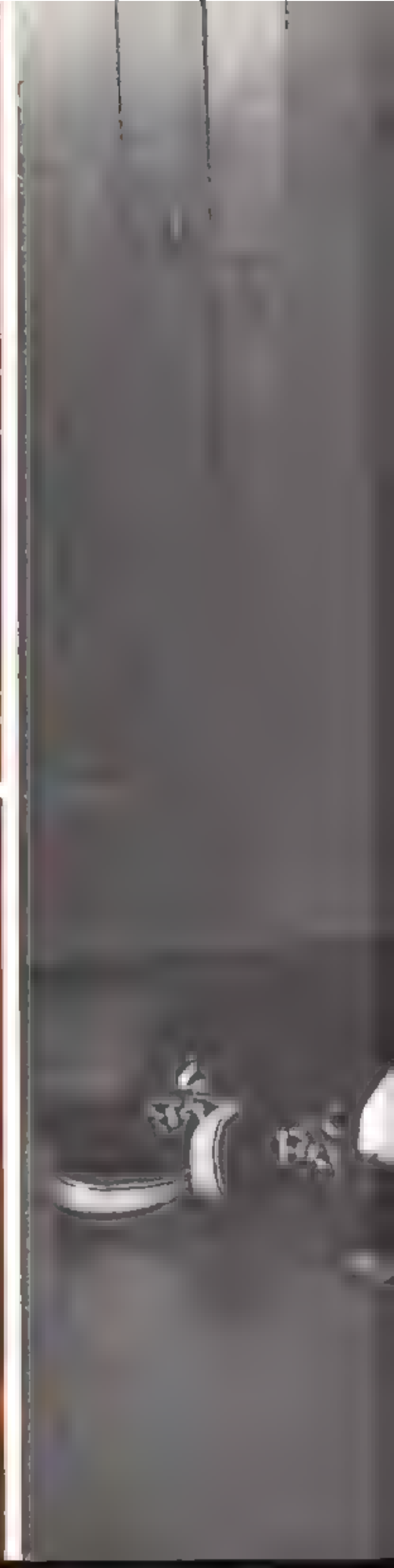


**TOM OF
FINLAND
PAGE**



PROFESSOR
FENLETH GOWAN
BOOKS & MORE







CHRISTIAN

Nobody is gonna throw this boy to the

Photo
by Br


Here we see our government
Christian De Vito, showing his
prowess—correction, naked
prowess—at a variety of sports.
My, my, my and to think we
used to cut gym.
Christian De Vito is 24, a local
L.A. boy and a fashion
model/actor/dancer who saves
all his money so he can one day
open "my own commuter airline
service." He is refreshingly
single-minded in this pursuit and
when we ask him if he really
would rather be a movie star—
the common desire of so many
of our models—he shakes his
head with a lit-up smile and says:
"No, I want to fly planes."



o the lions

Photos
by Brown





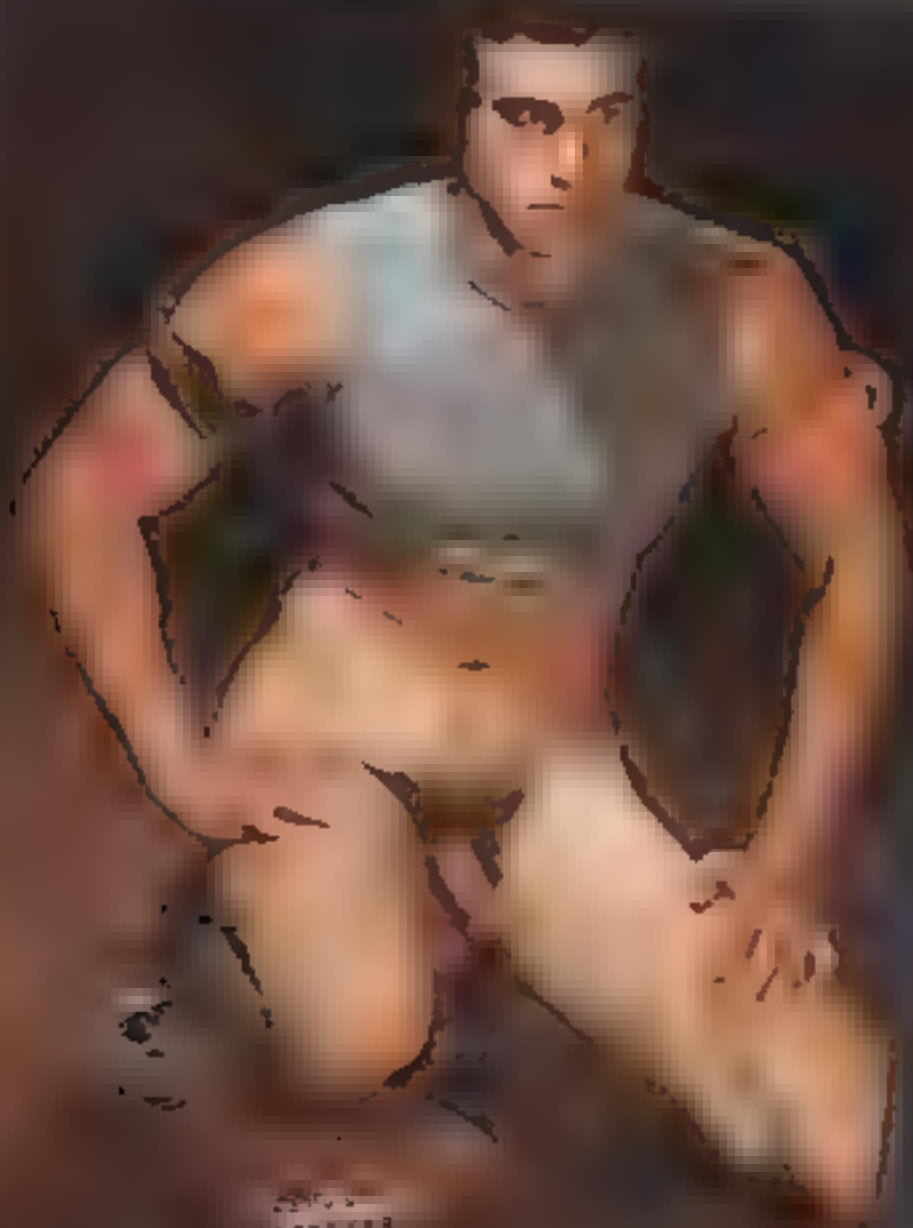
Christian would be in the Air Force right now if it wasn't for that 4-year college requirement for pilots. He figures he can become licensed quicker as a fashion model/actor/dancer.

We ask him if he is gay; he grins and shakes his head apologetically. "But," he adds winningly, "I'm the gayest straight man you'll ever meet. I have all the openness, spontaneity and freedom of gay life. I'd say about 70 per cent of my friends are gay. I'm not polluted by the standards of the status quo.

Machismo doesn't much make a difference to me." He loves to dance and often frequents gay discos with his friends. Doesn't he get hit on a lot? "Not that much." Really? "Well, I was pinched once." What do you like about gay men the most?

They'll go out of their way to compliment you on your body. That's the only reward I receive after all the work I've put into my body, besides my own self-satisfaction.

You are the gayest straight man we ever met! Why aren't you gay, dammit! His whole face opens up into a big, bright smile. "I don't know. It just hasn't done it for me. Perhaps Christian just hasn't met the right doer yet."







DON

He's big in Anatomy

We wanted to get the whole truth and nothing but on Don Bishop so we asked College Station, the photography studio that took these pictures, to open their files to us. Here's what they had written about him:

If you think Don Bishop is extraordinary, you've certainly pegged him correctly.

This Minnesota farm boy has made the grade in the big city earning his degree in physical fitness at Ohio State & graduating high on the deans list. With his Bachelors Degree neatly tucked under his belt, Don moved south to Arizona where he now fits grad-school courses into his daily schedule.

And what a schedule!

In addition to managing one of Phoenix's largest physical fitness centers, he also coaches the baseball team, sits on several health advisory boards and, in his spare time, projects his beautiful athletic form on film.

"I've never been ashamed of my body and the years on the farm helped develop my build long before I entered a gym. Even today I work out four times a week to tone what I have and leave the bulking to the muscle men.

Don will soon appear in his first film, *Frat House One* (with *IN TOUCH* models Brad Davis and Glenn Denard) from College Station. Watch their ads for a release date.

Photos by
ZAK DRUMMER
—COLLEGE STATION













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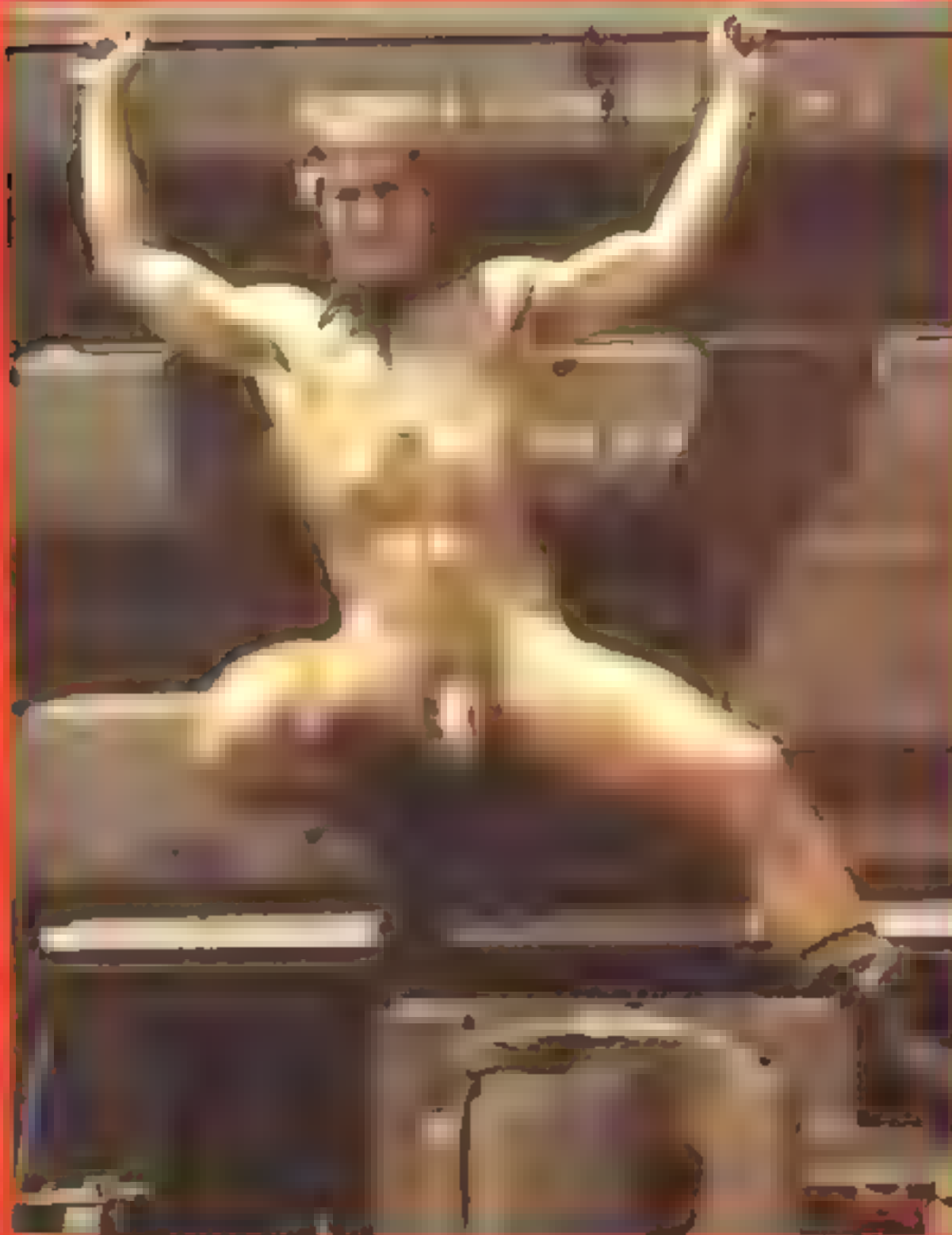
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When he hears the whistle blowing at the bar, he knows that Tennessee is not very far and you know what he'll do—as he sits (still naked) in the Pullman car with the gentleman he just met, he says, "I'll go to the window and say 'Shove all the coal in Chattanooga there you're' Woodstock Chattanooga there you're."

Funny thing, the train will not even have left the Knoxville Station yet.





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SECOND SUMMER

33 My son Samuel is staying on the other side of the cabin," the woman said. "But you'll have all the privacy you need to pair or sketch or whatever you artists do."

I nodded and continued looking around the large room. Plenty of windows good for light, big table to put my canvas on, the smell of pinewood everywhere. A forest right behind me—and the rent was so low it was almost criminal, but for my scrawny pocketbook, that was the big selling point.

"I love it!" I told her. "I'll take it for a month, perhaps longer." I gave her a check. As she started to leave, she turned to me.

By the way, breakfast is from seven till ten, lunch from noon till two and supper from five-thirty till seven. See you.

She left me and I danced a little jig about the room because for the first time in five years, I was alone away from civilization, securely isolated on this farm in Auburn County, Alabama.

I had grown up in New York City, where after graduating Pratt Institute, I had been struggling for the next two years to be an artist—who said? So far, none of my work seemed to find favor with the public except those who snatched up the eternal scenes of Manhattan at Dusk, Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn, New York City in the Rain.

Yeah, that had kept me alive but I wanted something more. So, every extra penny I could scrounge up, I holed away in the bank, my Get-Away Fund. And after longer than a year of saving, I had enough to see me through a summer in the deep South, where in such a totally different atmosphere, I might re-ignite my creative fires, think my future out. Did I want to be an artist or was that merely a romantic illusion? So I drove three days to New Orleans as my first stop, planning after that, Birmingham, Atlanta, Charleston, other places. It was while staying a night in Auburn, Alabama that I got a local paper and saw the ad: "Cabin room with meals, very reasonable rate, perfect for artist student." Whoopee.

I spent that first day walking around the farm with my sketch pad. I noticed how isolated the cabin was to the Big House, where Mrs. Malone lived. She said that the reason her son lived in the other half of my cabin was because his aunt and her three brats are all visiting this summer and Samuel cannot stand all that hollering and yelling.

Samuel ran the farm and was gone all day but she was quick to add, "He's a very quiet man, no trouble at all. You'll be glad to have him around all nights what with all those strange noises and all."

I met my cabin-mate later that afternoon. I heard movements in the bathroom, faucets, knobs squeaking on, shower

Fiction by JASON FURY

spray hitting a body, scrubbing. After awhile the knobs squeaked off. More movements, then a sudden silence as if the person beyond the door suddenly realized someone was occupying this room. A tap tap, my cry of "Come in!" and Samuel Malone entered my room—and my life.

Even now, I am not sure what I had expected. I had received reports of "those beautiful Southern boys" and also accounts of pot-bellied, red-necked yokels. The man standing there broke all stereotypes. Neither Adonis nor hayseed, he was something else. A real man.

Except for a small towel that barely covered his hips, he was totally naked. "Hi, I'm Samuel Malone. Mama said you were my new neighbor." He ran a hand over thinning black hair and then across the fuzzy mat on his chest. He stepped forward gracefully like a dancer on the balls of his feet and while one hand clutched the flimsy towel, he held out the other. My hand, small by comparison, vanished into his moist, warm paw.

"So you're an artist," he said politely. He took in several half-finished projects propped against the wall and bed. While he studied them, I studied him. He was a large man, somewhere in his late thirties with a square, creased face dominated by dark eyes and thick eyebrows. His eyebrows always seemed slightly raised in an expression of wonder. A scar above his upper lip may have ruined the chiseled symmetry of his mouth but it greatly enhanced the high voltage virility he was sending out. Although his neck, face and big-muscled forearms were deeply tanned, the rest of him had not been touched by the sun. His musculature was hardly defined but there was no mistaking its power and hardness. He turned to me, raised a hand to scratch his ear. A sudden bulge of bicep.

"Interesting," he commented on an abstract. "Not sure I understand it but it's okay. Why don't I throw on some clothes here and we'll go to supper. Hey, what's your name?"

I blushed. "Sorry. All that driving's zoned me out. I'm Johnny Shearing."

Okay, Johnny Shearing. Meet me outside on the porch in ten minutes.

"Yeah, Sure. Samuel."

After he left, I repeated his name. Samuel—it had a certain beauty, a sure dignity. "Sam" might be cute and snappy, fast and convenient, but it had none of the eloquence, the near Biblical solemnity and weight of Samuel. And so I had met my first Southern man and whenever I think of that part of the country, it is always in the framework of that one individual, Samuel Malone—say it soft and sweet.

During the day I saw him only at meals.

He was pleasant and courteous—two qualities I had rarely encountered in other men. He went to bed early because he got up early and worked hard all day. I would lay in my bed and wonder how I could get to know him better.

It was late and I had been sketching but God was it hot. I had to keep a towel tied around my arm to stop the sweat from dripping on the paper. I put my charcoal stick down and stretched my neck when heard no-se outside the window. Heavy feet dragging, coming closer to my part of the cabin. I thought of wildcats, bears, Big Foot. Without thinking, I ran through the bathroom and entered Samuel's room. He was laying on his back with an arm thrown over his eyes and the sheet low on his hips. I shook him by the arm, my fear lessening at the feel of that rock-hard muscle. He opened his eyes.

"Johnny," he yawned thickly. "What's going on, boy?"

"Something's outside the cabin. An animal or something!"

"An animal?" He ran a hand over his face. "Shit. . . check on it."

He pushed the sheet aside and, without a stitch on, padded through my room onto the front porch. The undulation of his firm, hairy buttocks, the way the muscles in his legs and back danced—I was driving me crazy. Samuel motioned me to get behind him, behind the broad protection of his dimpled back. We listened. The footsteps came closer . . . and then came around the corner and stood there, staring at us, our enemy, the cow. My protector moved away, laughing deepy and guided me back into my room.

"Thought that was probably old Lil," he grinned. "Just wanted to scare you some." He tugged at his thick, unbudged genitalia which the heat had made heavy and glisten with sweat. I could almost see moisture dripping from it—as if someone had been sucking on him but hard.

He went to the bathroom door and turned to me. His penis growing heavier, the head becoming exposed. "Listen, anytime you get scared Johnny, just come and get me. Okay? If you like to go hiking tomorrow's Saturday and I'm going into the woods. Wanna go? O.k. Great. About ten. Night, boy."

I took off my clothes, turned out the light, and got in bed.

Samuel was stripping off his clothes.

"You gonna come swim with me?" The pond was dark and deep looking and I wasn't at all interested in testing it out.

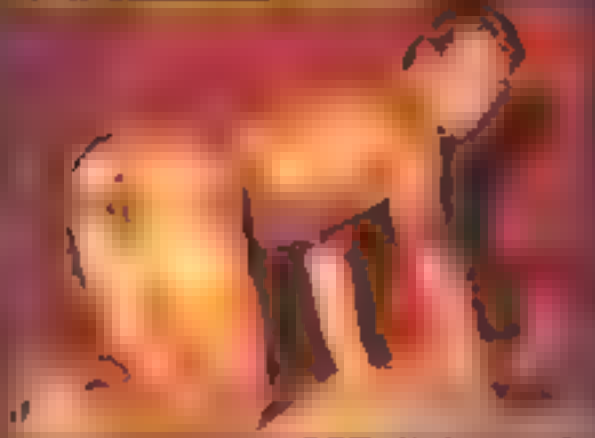
"I think I'll sketch some. It looks snakey."

He tugged off his jeans, then his jockey shorts which he wadded up and threw at me, hitting my head. He came over and

Illustration by RAY WEBSTER



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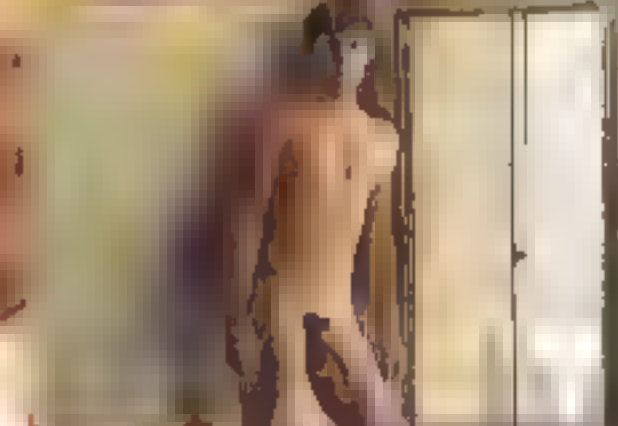
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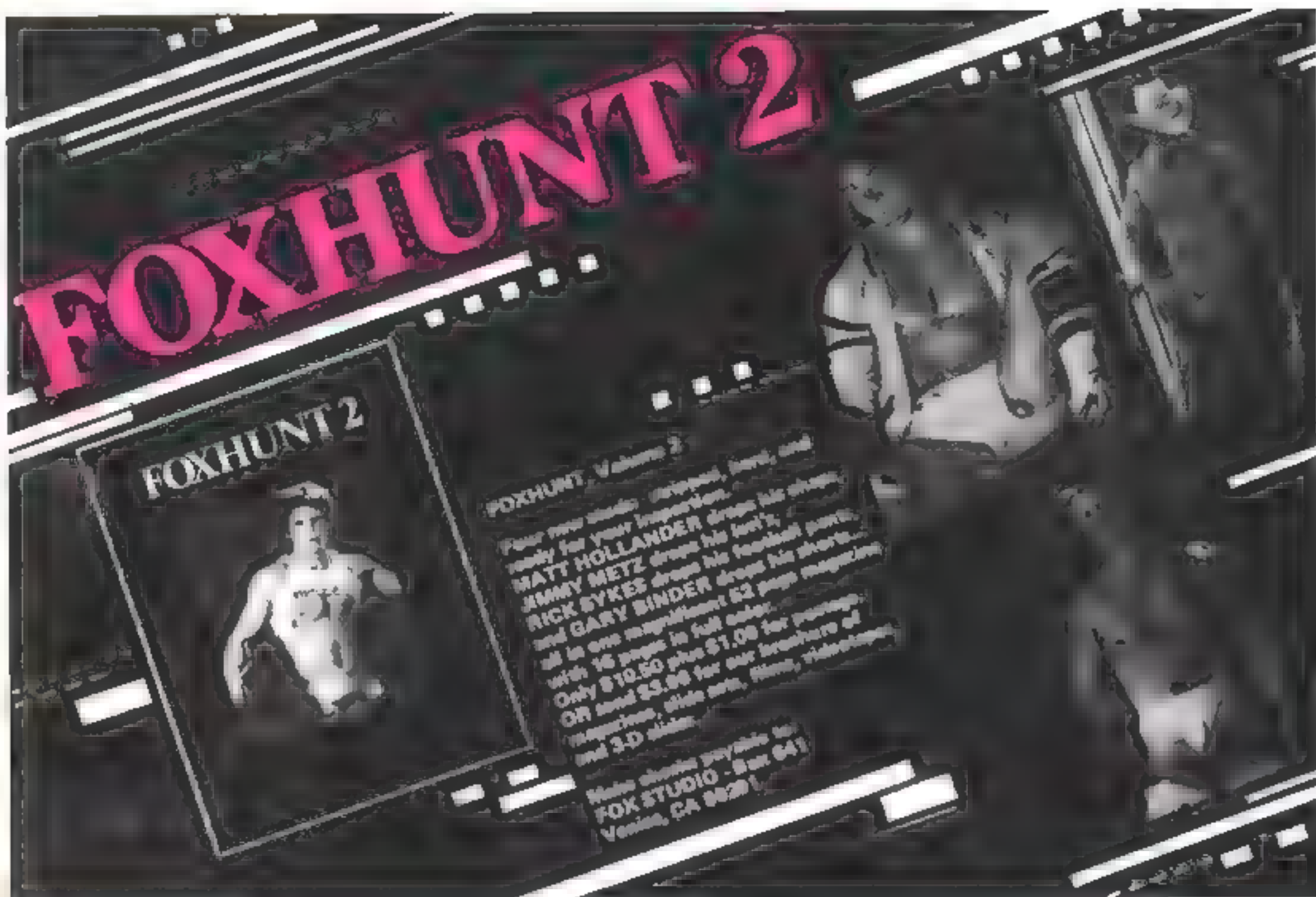
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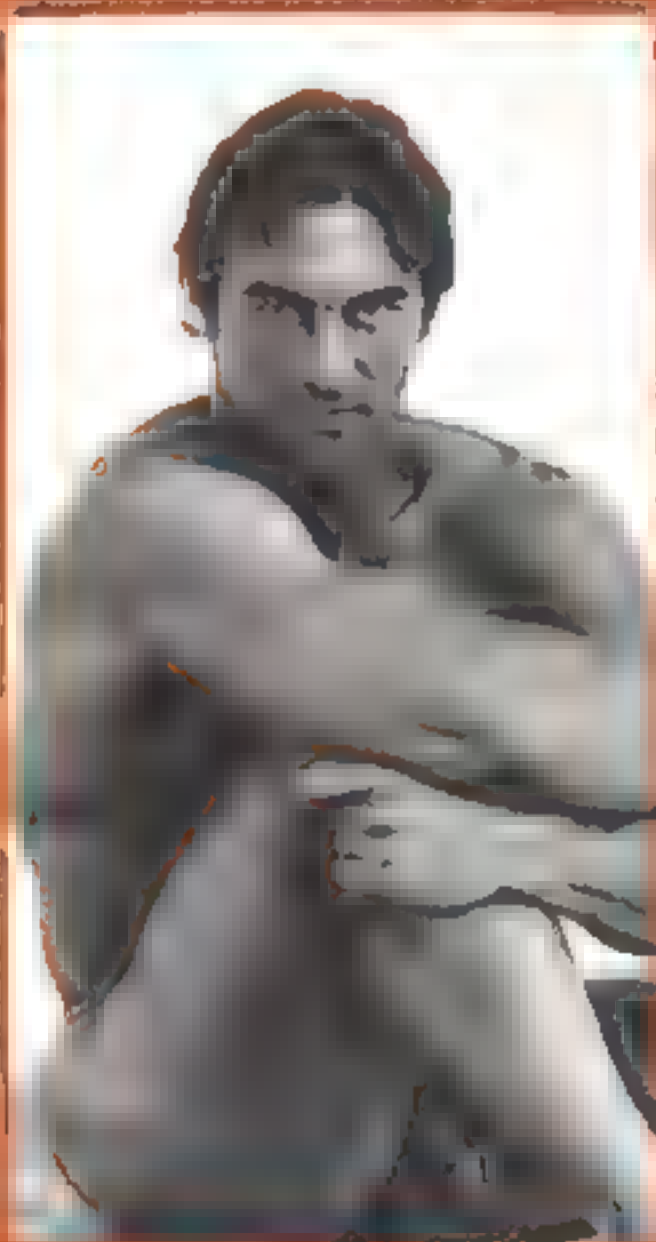
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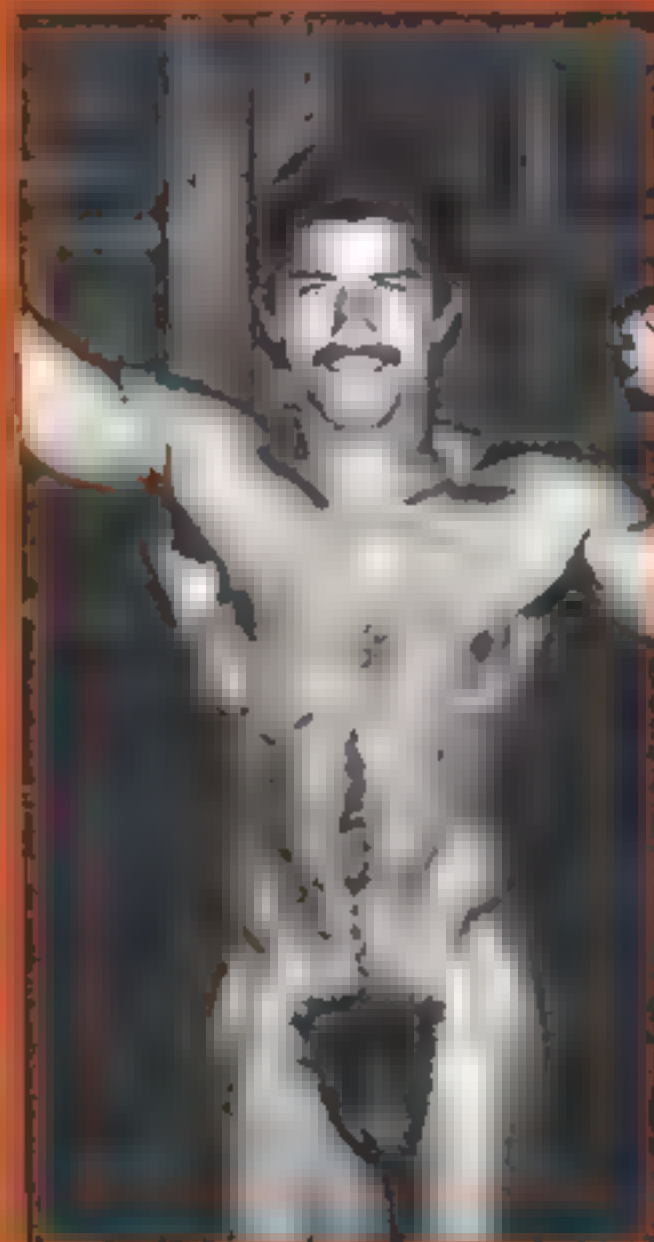
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stood above me, extending a hand.

"Come on, boy. I'll look after you."

He pulled me up and I got out of my clothes shamelessly fast. He guided me into the water with a hand at the small of my back, I hit the water fast to hide my budding erection. We splashed around the murky pond. He tried ducking me, and I did. Yuck! I attempted to return the favor—but failed. Still grabbing at his shoulders and arms while "horsing around" was making me unbearably excited. We climbed out and dried ourselves off with our shirts and sat down naked.

Samuel's back was in front of me and without thinking, I reached forward and massaged his neck.

"Jmmm," he muttered, "Good Johnny." He pronounced my name so beautifully, so softly, it was like a song. I ran my fingers down his back. He shuddered.

My voice trembled, "Samuel... turn around. Let me rub your chest." He turned and leaned back against the trunk of a pine tree. I ran my fingers over his tan nipples and they hardened. I kneaded his pectorals. Below, I could see his long, corded muscles rising steadily.

"Johnny," he said softly. "Johnny." I raised my eyes to meet his. They were half-closed. He ran the tip of his tongue slowly around the rim of his lips. The scar stood out white like small jagged lightning. "Tell me something, Johnny," he be-

gan and moved his face closer to mine. His large hand cradled my head as he kissed me deeply with his tongue hungrily as he searched for something within me. He brought me down backwards on the ground and parted my legs with his. Samuel raised his hips.

"Johnny, Johnny... if it hurts, just tell me. I'll be careful..." He was sweet and careful... and he took his time.

We began sleeping together that night.

July passed. Then August. New Orleans, Atlanta, Charleston existed only on maps. I imagined all the bodies I would have gone through by now in all the bars and baths and maybe I might have been lucky to have found one face who wished to become more than a one-night stand. But none of those fleshy watering holes would have been able to offer me anything close to what I had found on this isolated farm—away from my empty past and my ambiguous future.

I came to know Samuel Malone better than any man before or since. He was quiet, wise, strong. He was as solid as rock and as stable and simple.

He became my favorite landscape. The brief week-day hours we had together the longer periods on weekends. I painted and sketched Samuel in dozens of positions: sleeping, laughing, yawning, shaving.

When we would leave the Big House after supper, we wouldn't head for our cabin. We'd walk along the well-trodden,

wooded path to our pond. There was no need for words. What was happening between us transcended the physical and was almost mystical. By that body of shimmering water, we would take off our clothes and slip into the water with him holding me. One night the moon was so bright it lit up our special place almost supernaturally. Samuel carried me into the water, let it glide over me and then carried me back to where our clothes were spread out. He made love to me passionately, desperately.

"Soon it'll be over," he whispered almost over. Later I watched him as he stared at that dark pool.

Samuel?

He looked down at me, tried to smile but it was more of a grimace.

"You'll be going soon, Johnny. You're the first one. After you leave, baby."

"Don't say it," I whispered quickly and put a hand over his mouth. "Don't say it." He kissed my fingers... and then other places.

...

And then there was only one night left before my summer vacation would be over.

It was a quiet evening. Mrs. Malone's relatives had left the day before so it was only her, myself and Samuel.

Samuel and I returned to the cabin after supper and he locked the door, pulled the curtains tight. He removed from a drawer a

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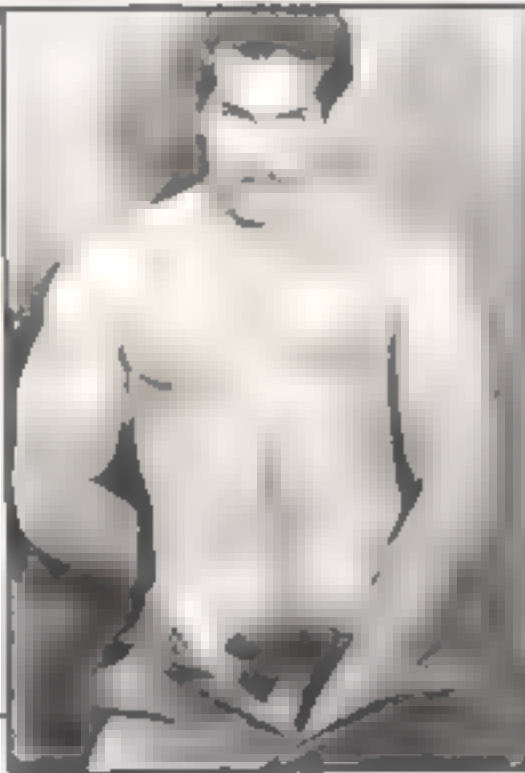


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Men of Austria Sexual Psychology of Charles
M. A. U. A. Prince Babies
M. A. U. A. Prince Babies
M. A. U. A. Prince Babies

#54 (APRIL)

#58 (JUNE)
 Psychic Predicts for Gay Rights Strip.
 pers! Vanessa Redgrave, The Dad
 Mystique, Happy Father's Day, Gay Par
 ade Book, Our Heritage of Pride, cover
 and more Dave, plus Fred Halsted, Mark
 Hammer, & all the best

Oh, Johnny missed you missed
you

#10 Jul. 74:	#31 (Sep./Oct. 77)	#47 (May/Jun. '80)
#11 Aug. 74)	#32 (Nov./Dec. 77)	#48 Jul./Aug. 80)
#12 (Sep. 74)	#33 Jan./Feb. 78)	#49 Sep./Oct. 80)
#15 (Dec. 74)	#34 (Mar./Apr. 78)	#50 Nov./Dec. 80)
#16 (Feb./Mar. '75)	□ #35 (May/Jun. '78)	□ #51 Jan. '81)
#18 Jun./Jul. '75)	#36 Jul./Aug. 78)	#52 Feb. 81)
#20 (Oct./Nov. '75)	#37 (Sep./Oct. 78)	#53 (Mar. 81)
#22 (Mar./Apr. 75)	#38 (Nov./Dec. 78)	#54 Apr. 81)
#23 (May/Jun. 76)	#39 (Jan./Feb. 79)	#55 May 81)
#24 Jul./Aug. 76)	#40 (Mar. Apr. 79)	#56 Jun. 81)
#25 (Sep./Oct. 76)	#41 (May/Jun. 79)	
#26 (Nov./Dec. 76)	#42 (Jul./Aug. 79)	
#27 Jan./Feb. 77)	#43 (Sep./Oct. 79)	
#28 (Mar. Apr. 77)	#44 (Nov./Dec. 79)	
#29 (May/Jun. 77)	□ #45 (Jan./Feb. 80)	
#30 Jul./Aug. 77)	#46 (Mar./Apr. 80)	

56

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THE BOYS AT THE BEACH

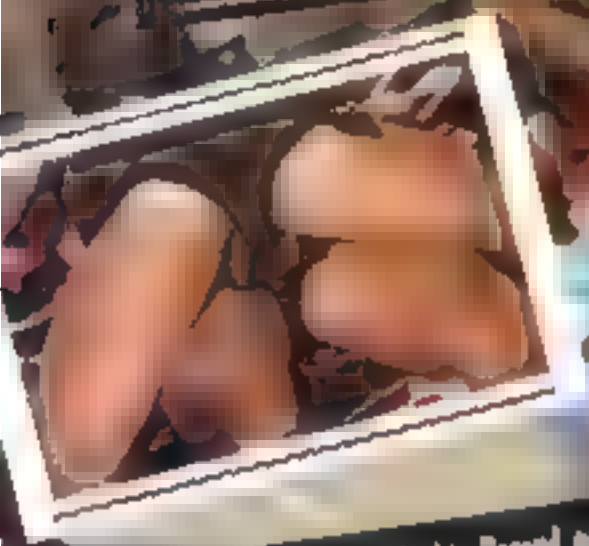
We wish they all could be California boys . . .



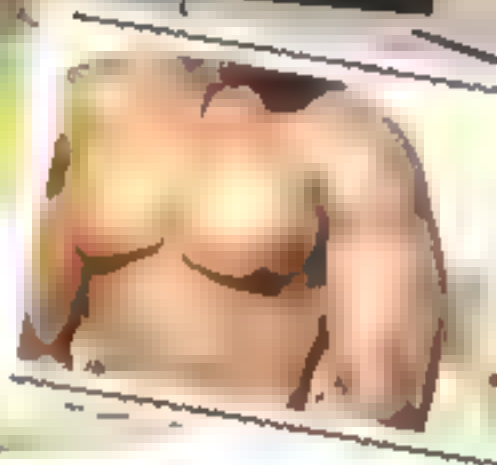
THE BOYS AT THE BEACH

We're surfing all day and we're swinging all night. Vacation is here! Beach party tonight!

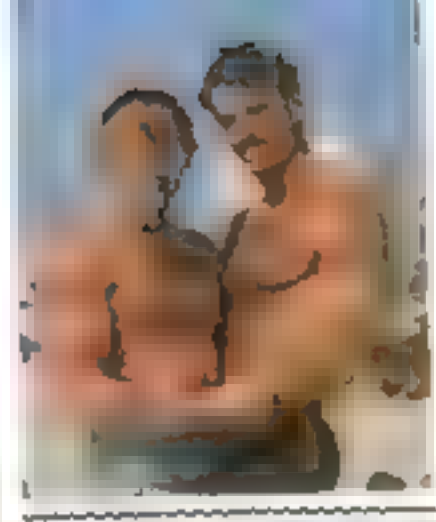




"First gear—it's slight. Second gear—extra slight. Third gear—hang on tight. Control Fats!"



"Pretty baby, you look so heavenly. A neon nebula from under the sun ☀️ Ya Ya baby. La Dolce Vita 🍷"



Cherry like smaller always get the attention
and the attention start the Spanish Tennis
For your muscles for later now. Take a
sit down pill now. Give the lungs a full now.

Star is played Star is played Everyone looks
The same.





1. Name last of the pt. Chen, Mr. Jackie
 2. Gender, male Date of birth. 04/04/44
 3. Suffer from hypertension



2-...telling is the end. Remember
telling has a hand. That is, telling my
name was the beginning, not the end, not
the end.



Jack it up, jack it up. Buddy gonna shut
you down.





"Where the boys are, where the boys are,
where the boys are ... someone waits for me."

by JACQUE
FELANI

KARNOOL KARNIVAL



Some da-a-ay my prince will come.



It's a great looking bomber, Orville. but it'll never fly "



"You guys gonna buy that book or what?"



"Your constantly referring to me as your 'present lover' is making me damned insecure, Ralph



"I'm not going to worry about getting married
By the time I'm old enough, everyone will be gay



public attitude insensitive comedians police harassment

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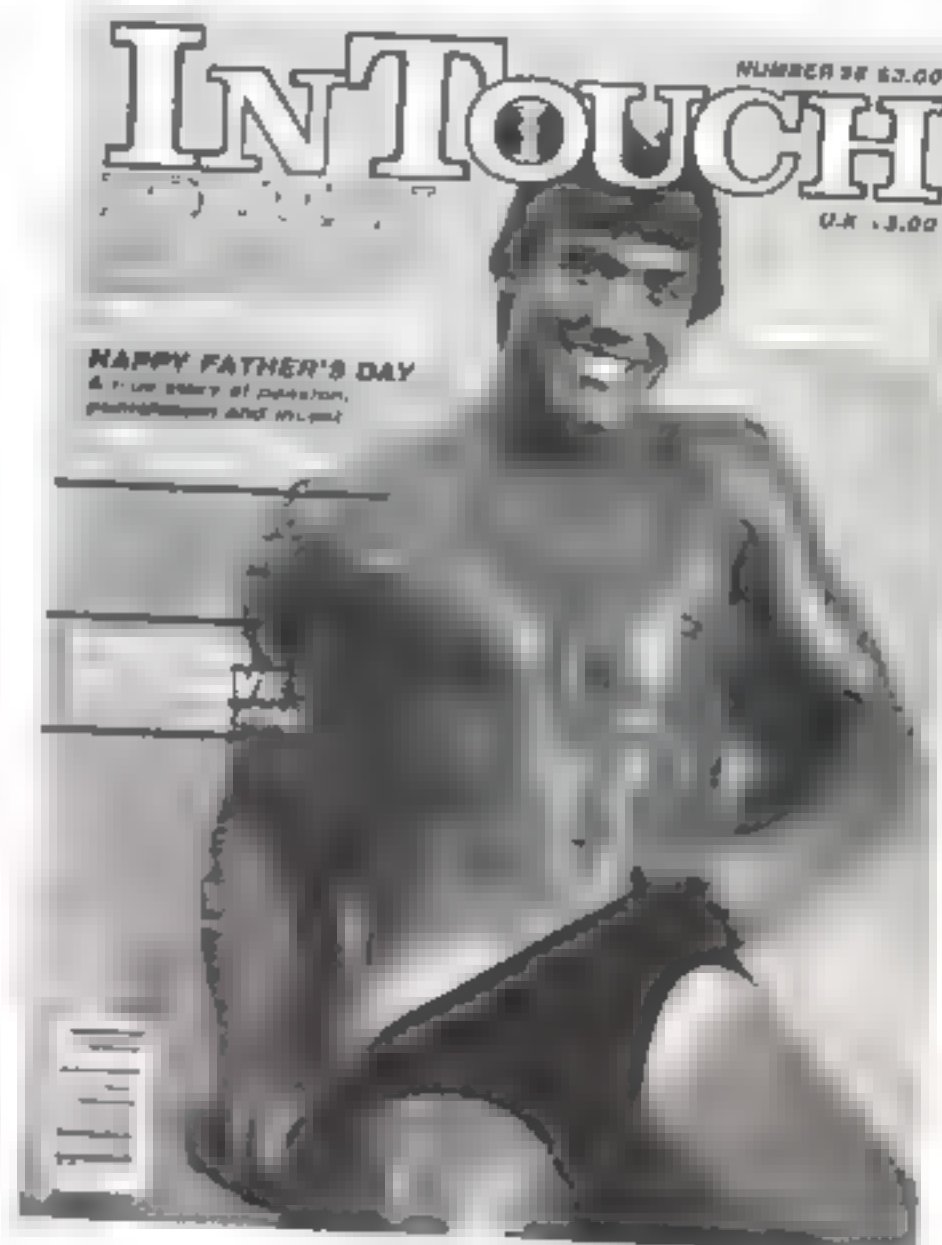
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3) IN HEAT #10

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A full-page photograph of a young man with dark, wavy hair, smiling and looking towards the camera. He is shirtless and wearing a white towel wrapped around his waist. He is standing on a sandy beach with the ocean and a clear blue sky in the background. The overall tone is bright and summery.

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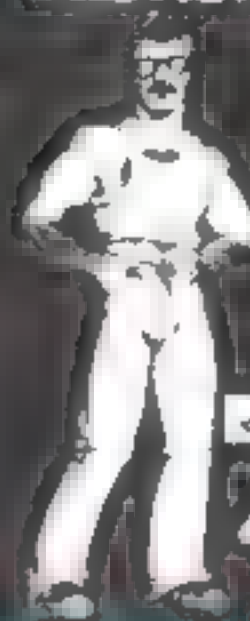
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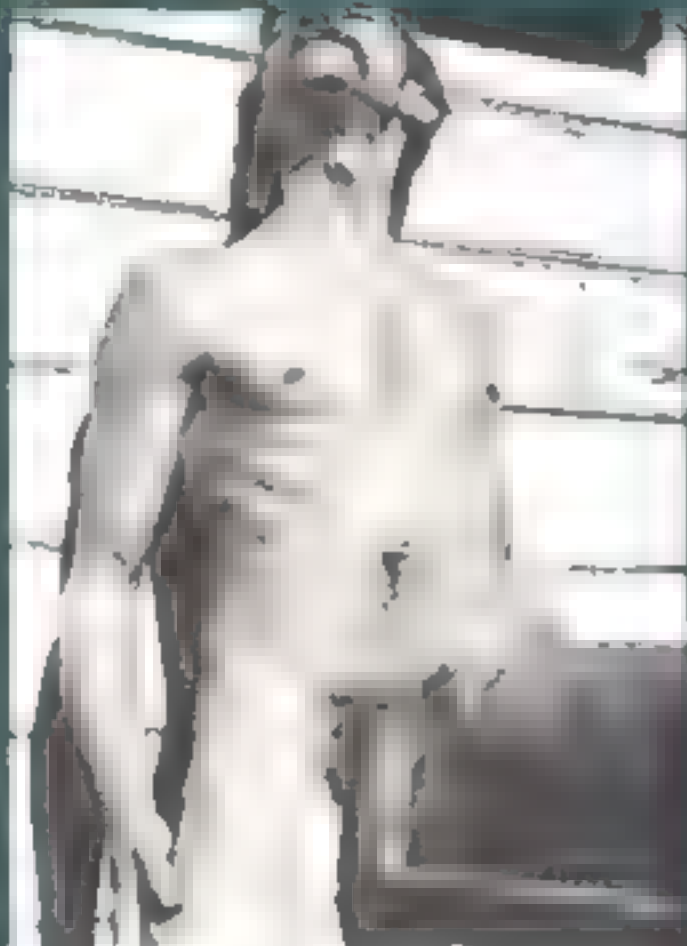
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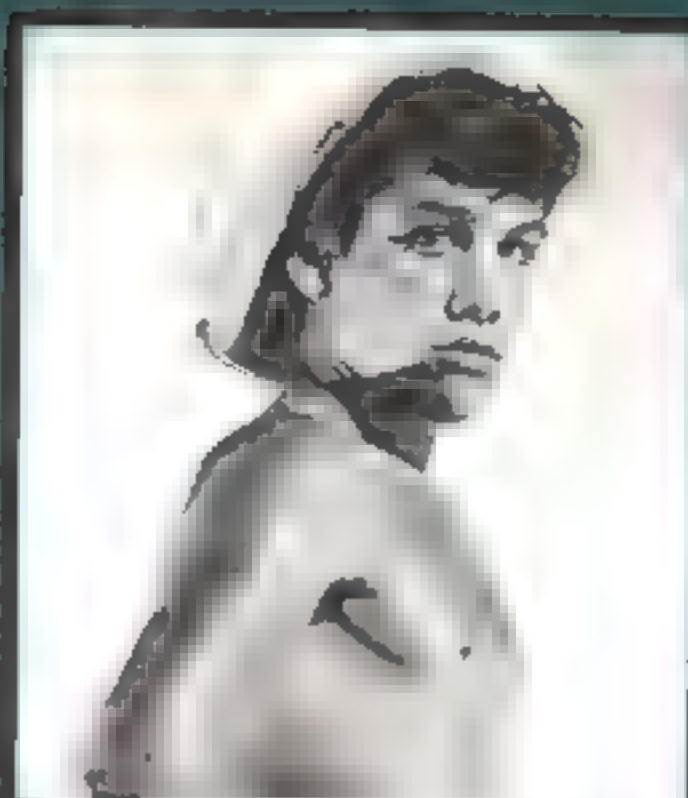


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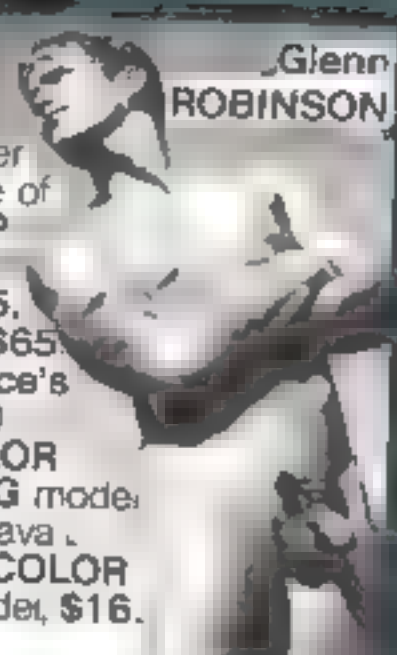
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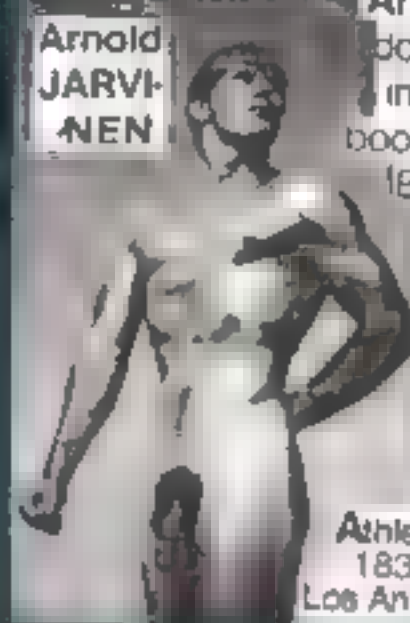
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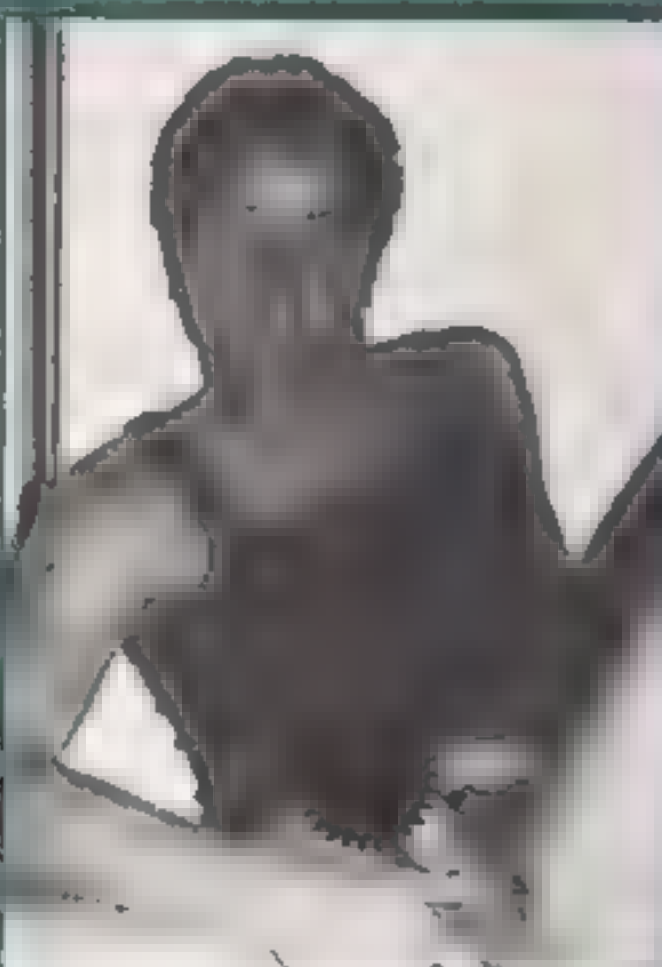
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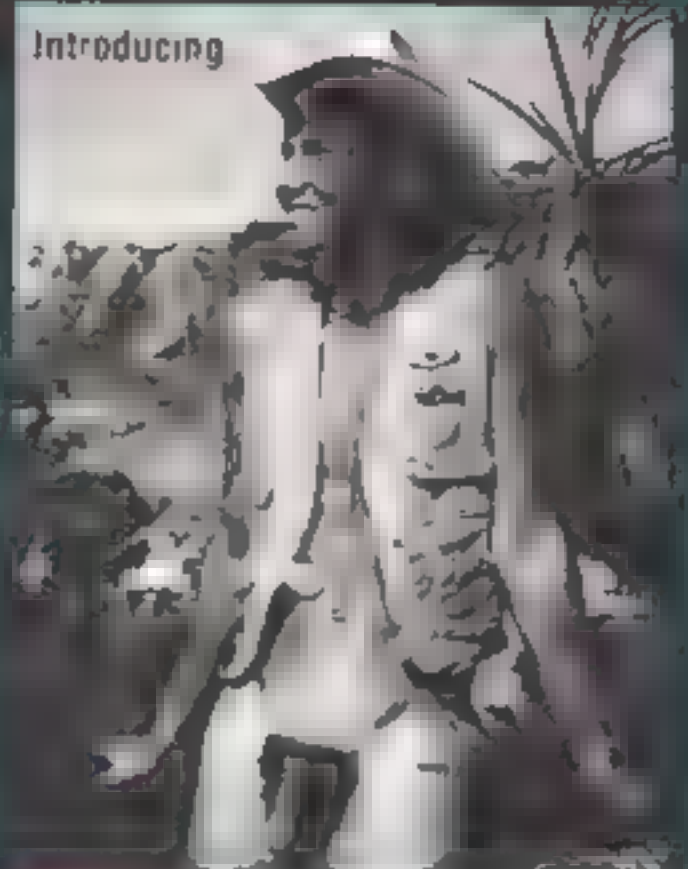


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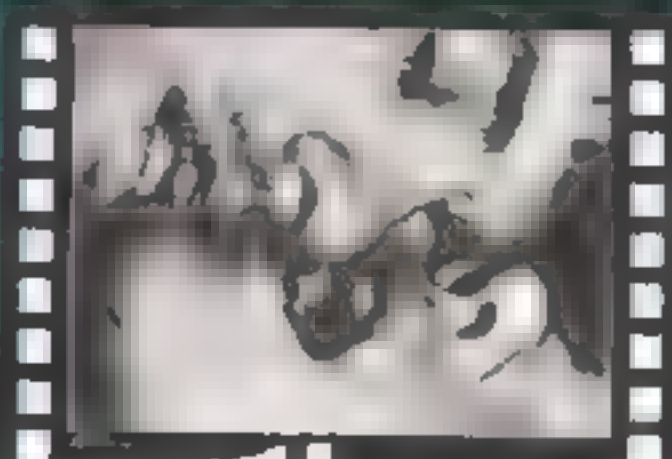
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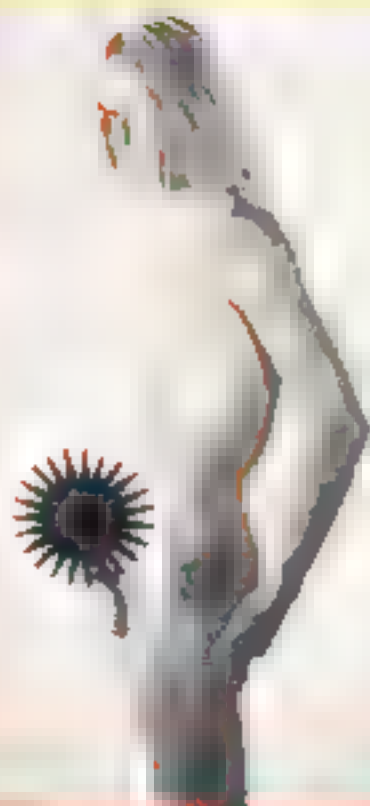
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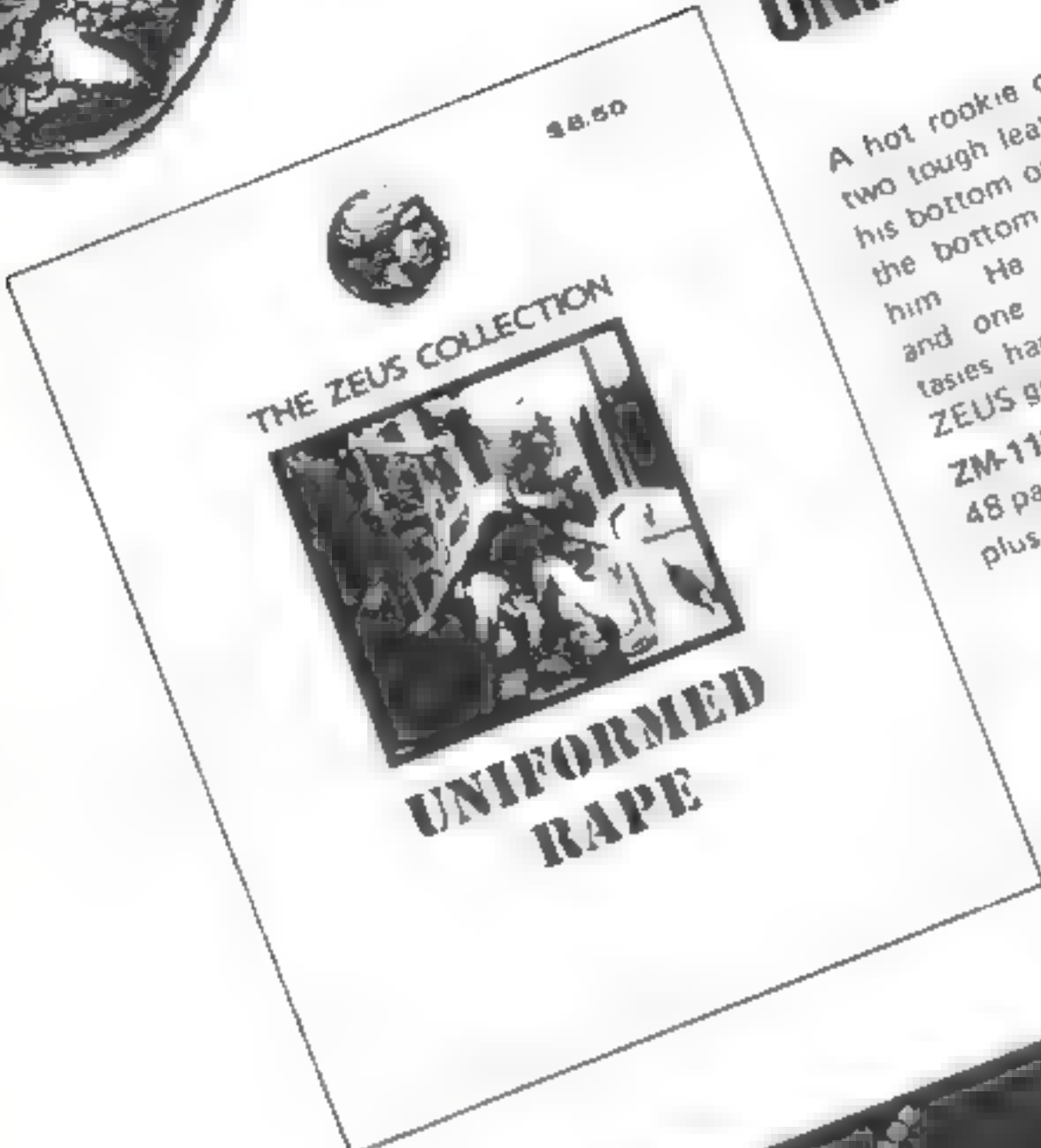


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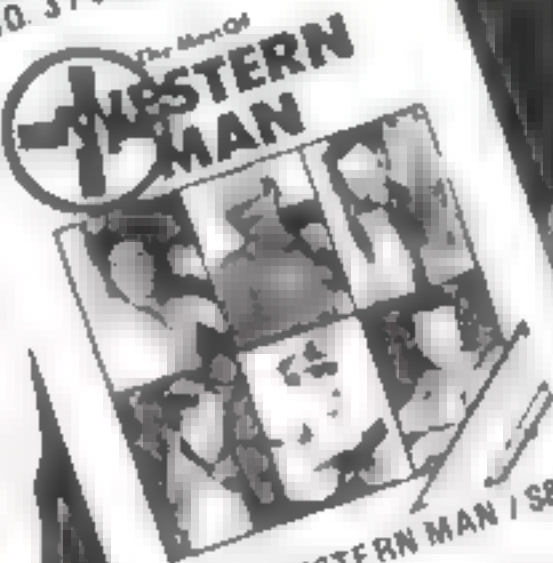
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by JIM YOUSLING

NIGHTLIFE!

WE'RE TURNING JAPANESE: Everybody who saw Hagood knows that a Japanese bathhouse is actually a hot tub. But George H. Lynch on incredulous explorer who came a has found possible proof that he is of Japanese descent. Lynch is a well-known author of the "Lynch" series of books. He is also a member of the Japanese American Citizens League. He is a member of the Japanese American Citizens League. He is a member of the Japanese American Citizens League.

The food court contains a small snack shop featuring walk up trays and a service day employees' concession stand in order and has magazines must keep those who are not buying a lunch option or a convenient place to sit as a table is very close to the food court. It is a place you can find the

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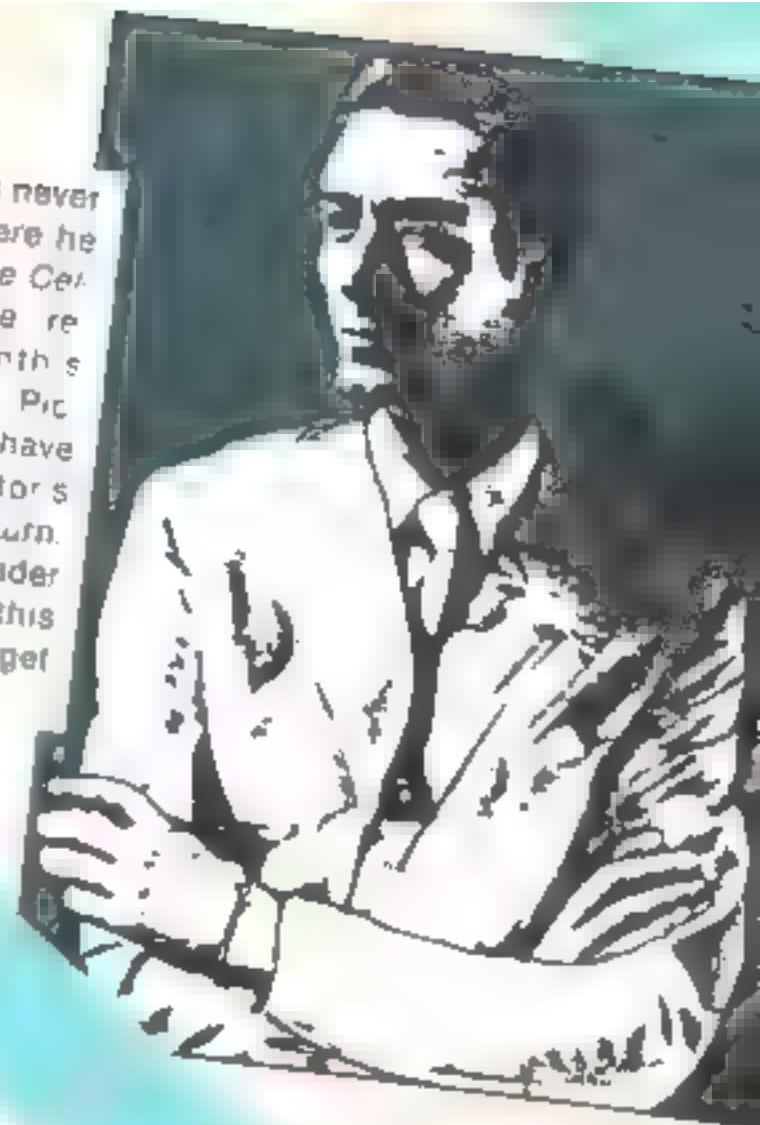
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► **ANOTHER MYSTERY SOLVED:** Unless you're one of those men with the unfortunate habit of reading magazines from back to front (shame on you), you have already drooled over the luscious thighs of Cousin Sebastian on page 14. And unless you've never seen *Suddenly Last Summer* (shame shame shame!) you have always wondered who those thighs belonged to

since Sebastian's face is never seen in the film. Well, here he is, thanks to the book *The Celluloid Closet* (which we reviewed in last month's *Nightlife* and Columbia Pictures). Unfortunately we have been unable to find the actor's name. So now it's your turn. Will some film-junkie reader out there please get us this man's name so we can get some sleep at night?



SEX OBJECT: We know it's rude to gossip about someone's new bride, but we've seen this girl before and she's been all over town. The camera of Charles Moniz, our Manhattan celebrity photographer, caught the happy couple just after the ceremony, and Charles swears that when the bride said "I do," the groom's lips hardly moved at all. The marriage did not last, however. The passionate honeymoon was more than the poor girl could handle, and she has filed for divorce on grounds of overstimulation. "He has such an enormous cock," she commented, as the groom pretended to drink a glass of water.



CHARLES MONIZ

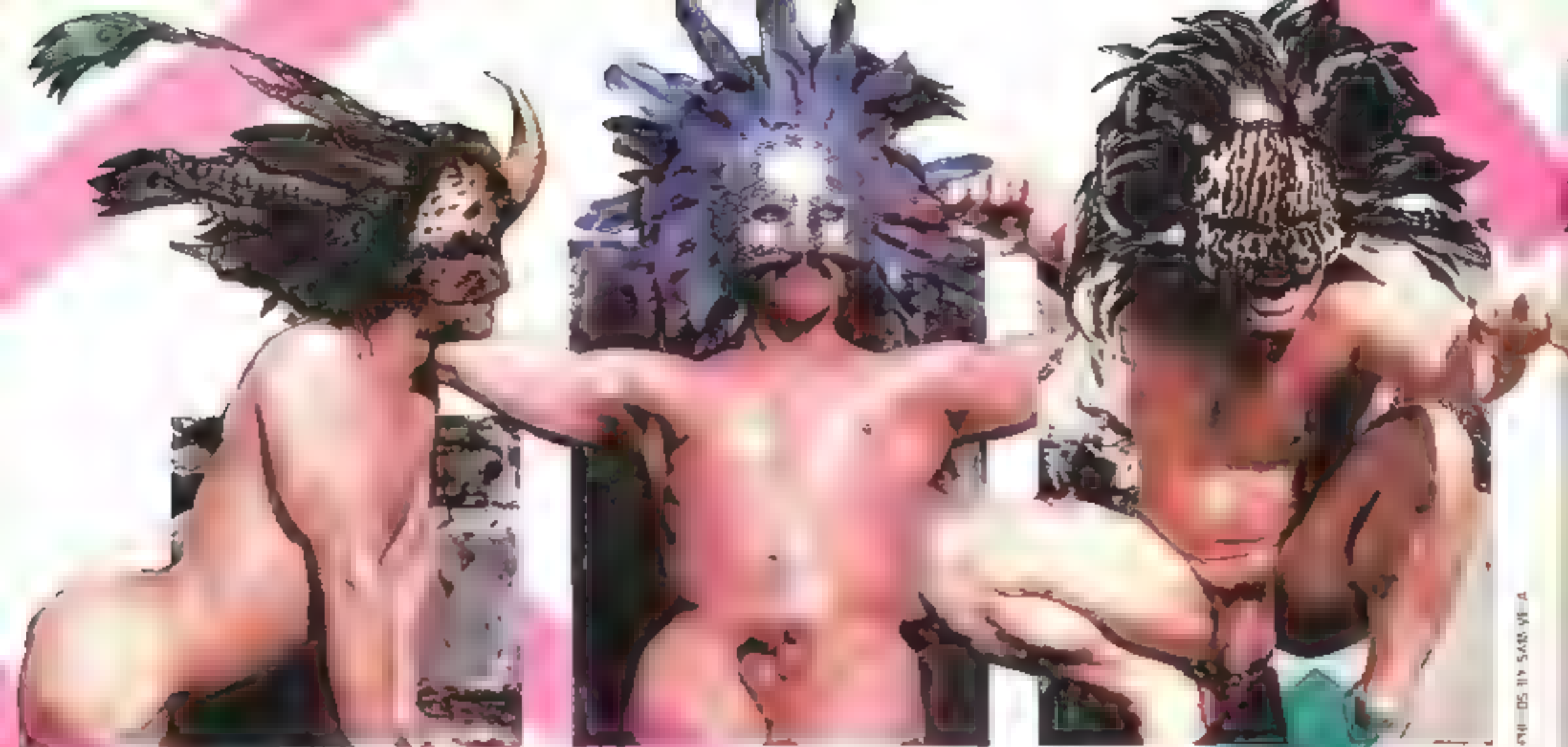


PHOTO BY SARA VERA

GLITTER & GO GO: Sequins and silver are due for a big comeback, according to our fashion advisors now that the c one look is being adopted by TV personalities and police officers. Here we see two gentlemen who are ready to ride that fashion wave, with or without Cher's help. The top photos are of Los Angeles artist, Rus

sell Zanoza, whose fabulous masks have been seen on the West Coast (at Fiorucci's East Coast) (on *Saturday Night Live*) and the Deep South (at Mardi Gras). Some people have been known to wear Zanoza's masks with clothing, but we're glad he doesn't. If you are in need of a custom mask (only a few more shopping days till Halloween),

send your inquiries to 8118 Lookout Mountain, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

The metallic gentleman below was captured in action (at Hollywood's Studio One) by our ever-alert photographer Rose De Castro. The event was a Wild West Party, but Rose says he always dresses like this. And he has at least two lanes for every outfit. Get back, Patti Brooks! And stay tuned to this channel for other futuristic fashion tips.



PHOTO BY JOE SKYLER
COLE, 654 MALE-HIGH, 100A, 100P

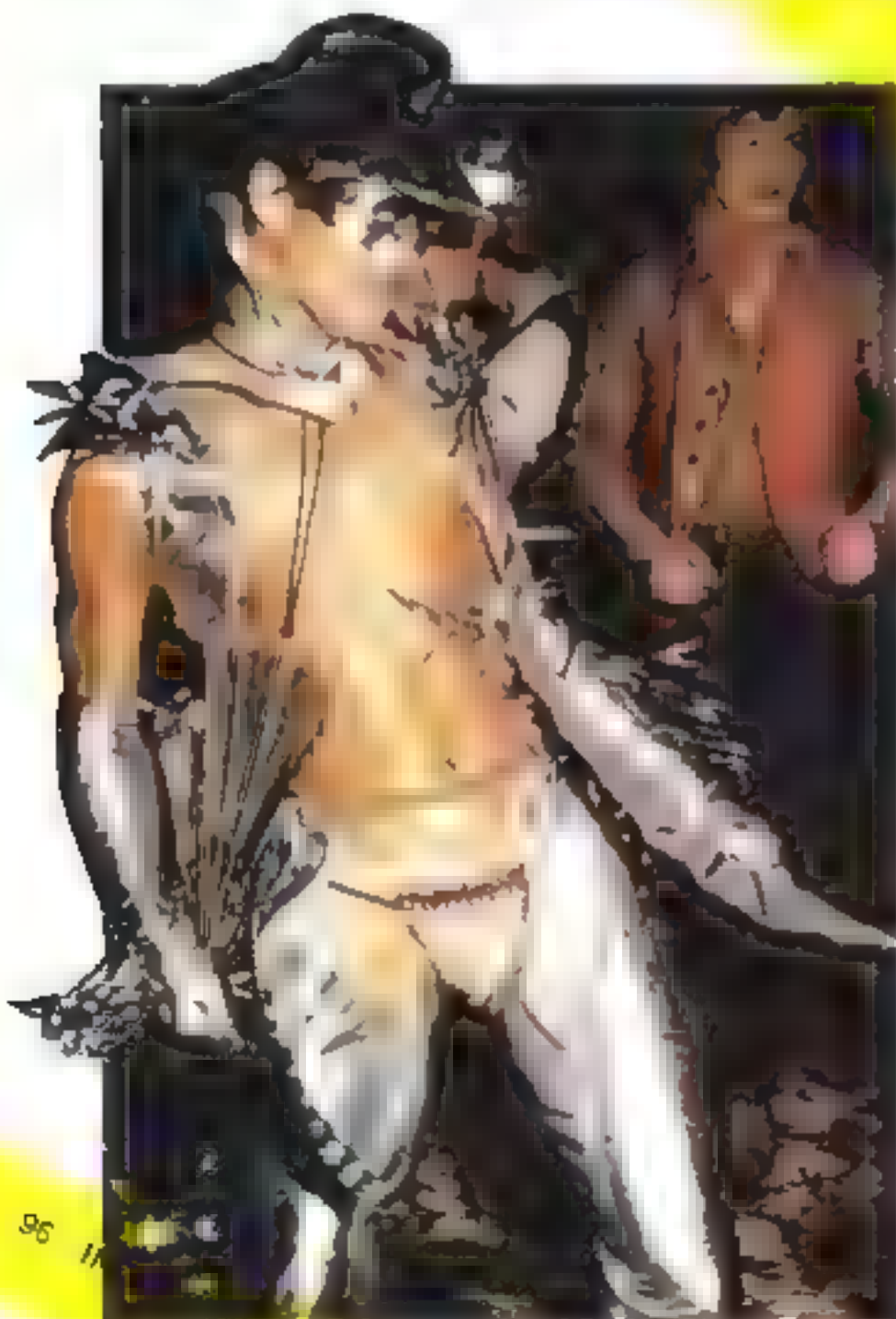
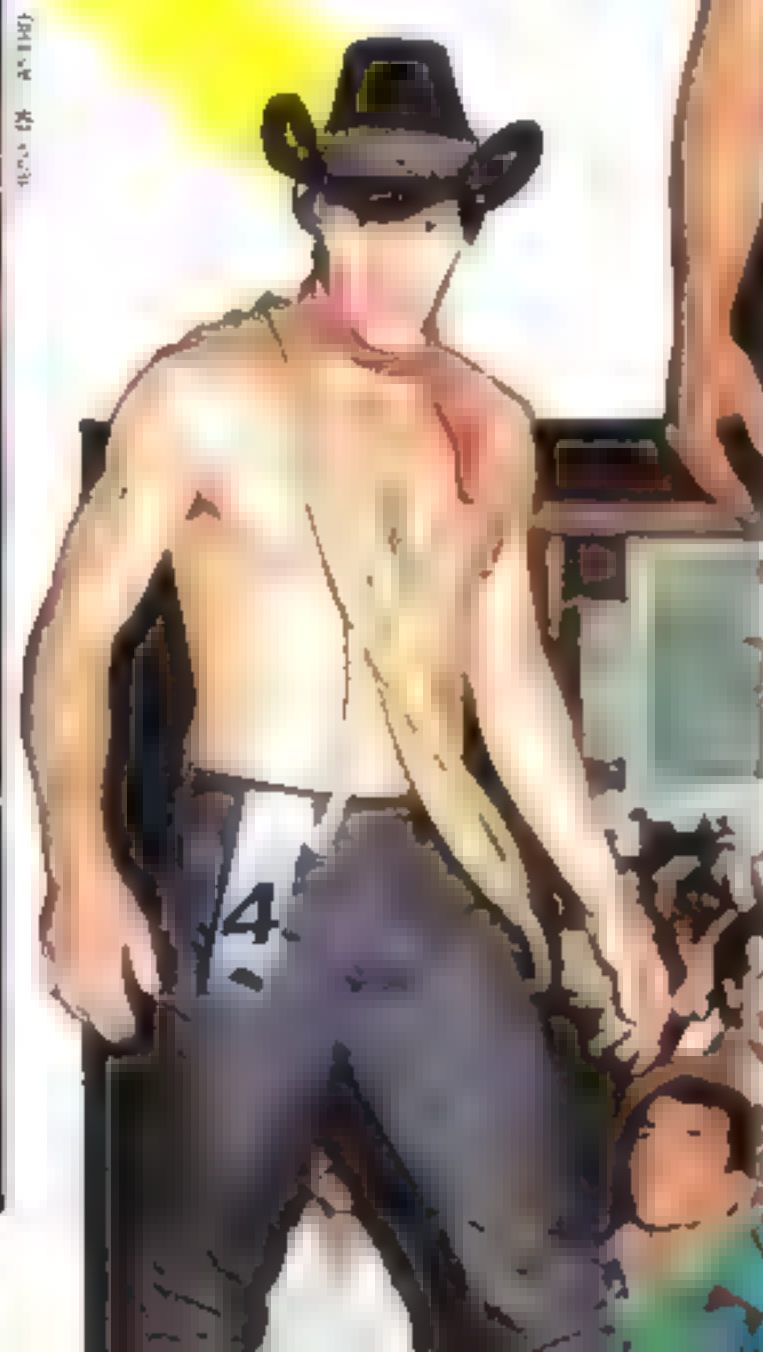


PHOTO BY ANTHONY



FROM THE CITY THAT GAVE YOU KIM NOVAK

Meet Warren Kovalsky who is of course from Chicago. Warren just copped the title of "Mr. Good Coast 1981" and deservedly so. This Cook County Cowboy sports a kerchief on the left, a rope on the left, a pistol in his left pocket and a trophy in his left hand whatever that means. The "4" on his right side is merely his entry number, and had no meaning whatsoever. And now let's all just stare dreamily-eyed at those photos and say that name three times slowly with longing. Warren Kovalsky.

WINDOW DRESSING: To be perfectly honest, we passed up a photo of a man in a Giant White Humanoid Rabbit costume to bring you this between-the-legs shot of porn star Jeremy Scott, who isn't even naked, but who is at least showing a lot of basket in those white pants. The six-foot bunny was only a few feet away (it was Easter), and Jeremy was in the display window of San Francisco's Le Salon

bookstore to (a) promote Le Salon, (b) promote his newest film, *Pacific Coast Highway*, in which he often wears nothing at all, and (c) count the jelly beans in a big fishbowl to see who won the cash prize. We don't know what he's doing in *this* picture. (We had one of him counting the jelly beans, but that one didn't show his basket at all.)

Nonetheless, he has big feet, doesn't he?



... AND BEARS (OH, MY!): These are not men in costumes, but they, too, are in San Francisco. These cute lil' bearzy-wearzies just seem to say, "Oh, please cuddle me, daddy dear, or I'll knock the shit out of you," don't they? These fuzzy buddies would give anything to go prowling with you, your pocket holding them tightly against your flexing buns (they love it) as you glide through the warm night air. If you'd like to have these defenseless little butch numbers bound into a package and mailed directly to you, just

write to Leatherworld (735 Larkin St., S.F.). The one with the torso harness, jock strap, studded wristband and thong tie is \$39.95 (plus \$3.75 shipping). The other, in chaps, vest, wristband and thong is \$49.95 (plus \$3.75 shipping). Coming soon... *Bambi in Bondage!*

THIS IS NOT A PAID AD: This is a postcard/invitation from Hollywood's Circus Disco. And we liked it so darn much that we wanted to show it to you. Man or woman, we do not know. But we do know a TV when we see one. I suppose it's truly decadent to break a TV set in the name of Art when there are children in India who are going to bed without their Philco tonight, but what the hell. If you can't be decadent in Hollywood, where can you?



(Distraught person reacting to prime-time television programming; actions indicate a need for change in nightly activity.)

Suggested cure: Circus Disco).

NOBODY'S GONNA KICK SAND IN THIS MOTHER-FUCKER'S FACE!: Our Summer Issue may be over, but not the summer! We'll be back at the beach all summer long, gettin' tan and that ain't all, so to make sure you look great when our IN TOUCH roving reporter says "Show us your tan lines," here are a few tips for proper beach attire:

NO LONG GLOVES:
They produce an odd sort of "farmer tan" in reverse.

STRAPLESS GOWNS:
Always in fashion, especially for sunning. And you never have to worry about breaking a strap while you're flexing.

NIPPLES SLIGHTLY EXPOSED:
Very provocative, especially when you bend over or can think of some reason to get down on your knees.

UNSHAVED ARMPITS:
This one drives them absolutely wild and prevents chafing.

NO UNDERWEAR:
This needs no explanation.

SENSIBLE SHOES:
Stylish wedgies for beachwear, and another pair (with no open toes!) for the disco after.

SHORT SKIRT:
Ideal for wading and blowing up over subway air shafts.

So there you have it. Our Beach Party is over, and we still haven't had the time or the space to show you all of the delicious photos that pass through our offices. But we'll be back in August with a lot of surprises. Who knows, one of them could be your ex-lover or something. But now, we gotta head on down to the beach, 'cause surf's up, and it's two guys for every guy, now. Hang ten!

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